National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors. | Without Concealment—Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

CHANGE OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN OHIO.

COLUMBUS, O., Monday, June 3, 1853.

To one who has been acquainted with the state of parties and opinions in Ohio, nothing can be more surprising than the changes which have taken place on the subject of Slavery. In 1833-4 the State was agitated by the voice of some few reformers setting forth their opinions of American Slavery in no very dainty terms. Such men as Weld, Birney, Weed, Thom, Mahan and others, were bold enough to say that Slavery ought to be abolished, and many was the town where they went that witnessed warm times. Eggs of an uncertain value were in great demand as arguments to the point; horses belonging to the obnoxious "new lights" were shaved and painted, and their riders, in some instances accommodated with rails to ride on; the windows of meeting-houses, lecture-rooms and school-houses were smashed by the way of moral suasion. In recurring to such towns as Granville, Marietta, Dayton and Putnam, many amusing and some trying scenes come up fresh in memory. One of these is too good to suppress. Zanesville and Putnam are situated on the Muskingum river, directly opposite to one another. In those days Zanesville took high ground against all agitation of Slavery, and so thoroughly conservative were many that they felt it to be their duty to repress agitation by force. In Putnam the new doctrines of human rights had taken strong hold, and a State Anti-Slavery Convention was held there. I think it was on that occasion that Captain Nye figured. He was Anti-Slavery "up to the hub." He had smelt gunpowder in the Indian wars, having been in several contests; but Captain Nye was *deaf as a post*. He was courageous as a lion, and had a very strong dislike to any interference on the part of the Zanesville conservators. These latter gentlemen—some of whom would do honour to the "Pewter Mug" of your own city—raised their forces, and elected their leaders to regulate the Putnam Abolitionists. The Putnamites, hearing of their intentions, armed themselves, put their Mayor at their head, and met their brethren from Zanesville at the head of the bridge. The Mayor here told them that they would not suffer such a mob to enter the city, and a variety of such plain talk. Our *deaf* Captain Nye stood by the Mayor with a big musket loaded. He saw his friend, the Mayor, was talking very earnestly, and yet could not hear a word—his right hand was seen nervously pressing on the lock of his gun to be ready at an instant's notice. At last he could stand it no longer, and giving his neighbour a nudge with his elbow he asked, nodding significantly at the Mayor, "*does he say* SHOOT?"

The leader of the mob exclaimed in no small trepidation, "Look at that *old sarpint!* he would as lief shoot us as if we were so many blacksnakes!" And he and his followers begun a precipitate retreat.

But such scenes have passed away; and it is a very singular fact that such is the change in public sentiment in that State, that both of the great parties have felt the necessity of showing some orthodoxy of a Free Soil character in order to carry any important election. I think it was in 1835 that the infamous Black Law was passed by the Ohio Legislature, at the dictate of Kentucky, inflicting heavy fines and imprisonment on any one who should even shelter or feed a negro suspected of being a runaway slave. If I were asked when that remarkable change began to take place, I would say it is to be dated back to that "Black Act." There had not been any very special sympathy felt among the masses of the people in behalf of the slave; or, properly, it might be said there was a great indifference in regard to the whole subject. But when this inhuman enactment, so at war with the common instincts of our nature and of Christianity, was passed it produced a profound sensation. A thousand hearts, hitherto indifferent, now were thrilled with feeling, and this led to reflection. The movement which compelled the repeal of that law is well known.

The present attitude of the Buckeye State, it may be safely asserted, is more owing to the movements of slaveholders than to the agitation of Abolitionists. That law never would have passed in Ohio but for the action of slaveholders on the Legislature. Besides this, the State has been a special hunting ground, on which professional slave-catchers were constantly exercising their gifts. "Tom Loker" and "Marks" are not fictitious characters in Ohio. They and their like have often paraded their respectability in the presence of the good people of this State, and never were they seen, especially after a successful hunt, without exciting such a horror of the system which had such appendages, as was to the disadvantage of that system. There is a place in the centre of the State which was formerly noted for the pro-slavery feelings of its inhabitants; but now it is said to be a station known well among fugitives to Canada. The change was effected by a simple incident. Three slaves, one of them a woman with a babe, were overtaken in this settlement, and, as they were being taken to the magistrate for the proper papers to be made out, a crowd having assembled, the woman eagerly handed her babe to a woman in the crowd, and exclaimed, with the impassioned and unselfish eloquence of a mother, "Don't let them take my child back!" That appeal so affected the bystanders with a sort of frenzy, that it seemed as if they would tear the pursuers limb from limb. As it was, they found it to their safety to get away as soon as their horses could carry them, while their captives found assistance in nearing the North Star. No force of logic, and no doctrine of expediency, could efface that scene from the minds of these people, and they would cheerfully brave "pains and penalties" rather than lay a straw in the way of the fugitive.

And, now that I am speaking of that place, I am reminded of an amusing expedient adopted by a mild Scotchman to give a slave time. He was in the settlement, and the pursuers were hard after him. Supposing him to be in the Scotchman's cabin—where he was not—they surrounded it; but the good man had closed windows and doors, only taking care to display the muzzle of a rifle. He told them, "This is my castle, and you can't come in except over me. There is nobody here that you want, but for all that I won't admit the right for such as you to search my premises!" The more he thus talked the more certain were the men that "the fox was holed," and yet they did not like the looks of the rifle, and so they were kept parleying for several hours. This time was improved by the fugitive in making good his escape, and when at last the Scotchman permitted his house to be searched, his shrewd visitors found they had had their match for once, and had been "barking up the wrong tree."

Such instances as the kidnapping of a coloured man some two or three years since, at Columbus, have done much to affect this change. He had been in that city for years, and had become a favourite manager and provider for great suppers and dinners among the leading men of that city. When this man was decoyed from the city on pretence of conveying a trunk to Franklintown, and was there knocked down, gagged, and run by relay horses into Kentucky, there was a strong feeling excited among all classes. It is true that men of all parties, who were not even suspected of any ultra views about "the peculiar institution," raised the money, and dispatched a messenger to buy the poor fellow's freedom, yet right certain was it that the act itself excited among these men a new abhorrence of the whole "Tom Loker" and "Marks" race. Right certain was it that that act, and all similar to it, were a very bad investment for slaveholders generally, for they produced a wide and powerful feeling among all classes averse to the institution itself. The fact that the Abolitionists have grown strong enough to form a coalition which elected a United States Senator is the proof of the truth of this view. JACOBUS.

—*Tribune.*

BLOOD-HOUNDS.

THE *Williamsburg Times* has the following interesting account of a patriarchal peculiarity of our Southern brethren, from the pen of a travelling correspondent who writes from Aiken, S. C.

"In almost every community in the South resides an individual whose professional employment is the hunting, for hire, of runaway slaves. He keeps a pack of twelve or fifteen sure-scented blood-hounds, and on receiving a commission, starts off in pursuit on horseback, accompanied by his dogs. When once these are placed on trail, neither distance nor time will save the fugitive; on they go, through woods, meadows and swamps, their deep-mouthed voices being sometimes heard miles away. The owner of the dogs must keep up with them, for should he be in the background when the fugitive is overtaken, the poor wretch would soon be torn in pieces. When all hope of escape is lost, the runaway generally contrives to mount a tree, and thus saves his body from the lacerating fangs of the dogs. The owners of these hounds have such control over them that they can call them off a scent at any moment, and instantly subdue their ferocity toward a victim whom they may have run down. The remuneration received for hunting a fugitive varies from $10 to $50, according to the time employed. These "sportsmen" are almost invariably unaccompanied on their expeditions by any human being, and are men of indomitable courage. It is well they are so, for occasionally they fall in with an ugly customer, who endeavours to kill his pursuer if he can. Being necessary appendages to society, these hunters are not regarded with that aversion which one would naturally think their peculiar occupation would excite; on the contrary, they are frequently spoken of as nice men, good neighbours, &c. Some even have a reputation for piety.

"Sometimes these blood hounds are used to hunt white fugitives from justice. About three weeks ago a gentleman living near this locality had a valuable carriage-horse stolen. The hounds were started in quest of the rogue, pursued him across the Savannah River, and after a chase of twelve hours—by which time the horse that the fellow had stolen was completely "used up," having travelled fifty miles—he was captured. To save himself, as far as possible, from being worried by the dogs, the fellow stood upright on the saddle, but as it was, his legs and feet were horribly mangled before the owner of the pack came up. I was told of another instance where a pack of hounds entered the city of Augusta in full cry, in pursuit of a white thief who had robbed a house a few miles distant, and although the fellow, knowing that the dogs were after him, visited one or two hotels, passing up and down stairs, in hopes of throwing the animals off the scent, he was unsuccessful, and finally, in despair, made for the country again, and was captured after running about three miles."

LETTER FROM A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

SLAVES SOLD UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

[We publish the subjoined communication exactly as written by the author, with the exception of corrections in punctuation and spelling, and the omission of one or two passages.—ED.]

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Having carefully read your paper for some months I became very much interested in some of the articles and comments written on Mrs. Tyler's Reply to the Ladies of England. Being a slave myself, I could not have felt otherwise. Would that I could write an article worthy of notice in your columns. As I never enjoyed the advantages of an education, therefore I could not study the arts of reading and writing, yet, poor as it may be, I had rather give it from my own hand, than have it said that I employed others to do it for me. The truth can never be told so well through the second and third person as from yourself. But I am straying from the question. In that Reply to the Ladies of England, Mrs. Tyler said that slaves were never sold only under very peculiar circumstances. As Mrs. Tyler and her friend Bhains were so far used up that he could not explain what those peculiar circumstances were, let one whose peculiar sufferings justifies her in explaining it for Mrs. Tyler.

I was born a slave, reared in the Southern hot-bed until I was the mother of two children, sold at the early age of two and four years old. I have been hunted through all of the Northern States, but no, I will not tell you of my own suffering—no, it would harrow up my soul, and defeat the object I wish to pursue. Enough—the dregs of that bitter cup have been my bounty for many years.

And, as this is the first time that I ever took my pen in my hand to make such an attempt, you will not say that it is fiction, for had I the inclination I have neither the brain or talent to write it. But to this very peculiar circumstance under which slaves are sold.

My mother was held as property by a maiden lady; when she married, my younger sister was in her fourteenth year, whom they took into the family. She was as gentle as she was beautiful. Innocent and guileless child, the light of our desolate hearth! But oh, my heart bleeds to tell you of the misery and degradation she was forced to suffer in Slavery. The monster who owned her had no humanity in his soul. The most sincere affection that his heart was capable of, could not make him faithful to his beautiful and wealthy bride the short time of three months, but every stratagem was used to seduce my sister. Mortified and tormented beyond endurance, this child came and threw herself on my mother's bosom, the only place where she could seek refuge from her persecutor; and yet she could not protect the child that she bore into the world. On that bosom, with *bitter tears*, she told her troubles, and entreated her mother to save her. And oh, Christian mothers! you that have daughters of your own, can you think of your sable sisters without offering a prayer to that God who created all in their behalf! My poor mother, naturally high-spirited, smarting under what she considered as the wrongs and outrages which her child had to bear, sought her master, entreating him to spare her child. Nothing could exceed his rage at this what he called impertinence. My mother was dragged to jail, there remained twenty-five days, with negro traders to come in as they liked to examine her, as she was offered for sale. My sister was told she must yield, or never expect to see her mother again. There were three younger children; on no other condition could she be restored to them, without the sacrifice of one. That child gave herself up to her master's bidding, to save one that was dearer to her than life itself. And can you, Christian, find it in your heart to despise her? Ah, no! not even Mrs. Tyler; for though we believe that the vanity of a name would lead her to bestow her hand where her heart could never go with it, yet, with all her faults and follies, she is nothing more than a *woman*. For if her domestic hearth is surrounded with slaves, ere long before this she has opened her eyes to the evils of Slavery, and that the mistress as well as the slave must submit to the indignities and vices imposed on them by their lords of body and soul. But to one of those peculiar circumstances.

At fifteen my sister held to her bosom an innocent offspring of her guilt and misery. In this way she dragged a miserable existence of two years, between the fire of her mistress's jealousy and her master's brutal passion. At seventeen, she gave birth to another helpless infant, heir to all the evils of Slavery. Thus life and its sufferings was meted out to her until her twenty-first year. Sorrow and suffering had made its ravages upon her—she was less the object to be desired by the fiend who had crushed her to the earth; and as her children grew, they bore too strong a resemblance to him who desired to give them no other inheritance save Chains and Handcuffs; and in the dead hour of the night, when this young, deserted mother lay with her little ones clinging around her, little dreaming of the dark and inhuman plot that would be carried into execution before another dawn, and when the sun rose on God's beautiful earth, that broken-hearted mother was fallen her way to the capital of Virginia. That day should have refused her light to so disgraceful and inhuman an act in your boasted country of Liberty. Yet, reader, it is true, those two helpless children, [illegible] one of your enlisted Members in Congress; that agonized mother, his victim and slave. And where she now is God only knows, who has kept a record on high of all that she has suffered on earth.

And, you would exclaim, Could not the master have been more merciful to his children? God is merciful to all of his children, but it is seldom that a slaveholder has any mercy for his slave child. And you will believe it when I tell you that mother and her children were sold to make room for another sister, who was now the age of that mother when she entered the family. And this selling appeased the mistress's wrath, and satisfied her desire for *revenge*, and made the path more smooth for her young rival at first. For there is a strong rivalry between a handsome mulatto girl and a jealous and *faded* mistress, and her liege lord sadly neglects those little attentions for a while that once made her happy. For the master will either neglect his wife or double his attentions, to save him from being suspected by his wife. Would you not think that Southern Women had cause to despise that Slavery which forces them to bear so much deception practiced by their *husbands?* Yet all this is true, for a slaveholder seldom takes a white mistress, for she is an expensive commodity, not submissive as he would like to have her, but more apt to be tyrannical; and when his passion seeks another object, he must leave her in quiet possession of all the gewgaws that she has sold herself for. But not so with his poor *slave victim*, that he has robbed of everything that makes life desirable; she must be torn from the little that is left to bind her to life, and sold by her *seducer* and *master*, caring not where, so that it puts him in possession of enough to purchase another victim. And such are the peculiar circumstances of American Slavery—of all the evils in God's sight the most to be abhorred.

Perhaps while I am writing this you too, dear Emily, may be on your way to the Mississippi River, for those peculiar circumstances occur every day in the midst of my poor oppressed fellow-creatures in bondage. And oh, ye Christians, while your arms are extended to receive the oppressed of all nations, while you exert every power of your soul to assist them to raise funds, put weapons in their hands, tell them to return to their own country to slay every foe until they break the accursed yoke from off their necks, not buying and selling; this they never do under any circumstances. But while Americans do all this, they forget the millions of slaves they have at home, bought and sold under very peculiar circumstances.

And because one friend of the slave has dared to tell of their wrongs you would annihilate her. But in Uncle Tom's Cabin she has not told the half. Would that I had one spark from her store house of genius and talent I would tell you of my own sufferings—I would tell you of wrongs that Hungary has never inflicted, nor England ever dreamed of in this free country where all nations fly for liberty, equal rights and protection under your stripes and stars. It should be stripes and scars, for they go along with Mrs. Tyler's peculiar circumstances, of which I have told you only one.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

VIRGINIA SLAVE TRADE.

THE slave population of Virginia in 1830, as shown by the census of that year, was 469,757. In the ten years following that census, the slave population of the United States increased 23.8 *per cent.* If we assume that the natural increase of the 469,757 slaves who were in Virginia at the census of 1830, was no greater than the average increase of slaves in the whole country, the slave population of Virginia in 1840 would have been 581,559, had there been in the meantime no deportation of slaves. In the next ten years (viz. from 1840 to 1850), the slave population of the Union increased 28.81 *per cent.* At that rate of natural increase, the slave population of Virginia in 1850, without any deportation in the meantime, would have been 749,106. But the actual slave population of Virginia in 1850, as shown by the census, was only 472,528. The difference of 276,578 is to be accounted for by the deportation of slaves. In other words, this difference is the result of the Virginia slave trade.

This then is the fact which we commend to the attention of all who desire to ignore the hideous atrocity of the American slave trade, and who in that willing ignorance affirm that the sale of a "converted" slave "except by the slave's own consent is an *almost unheard of occurrence*." The natural increase of the slaves in Virginia has been diminished by deportation at the rate of 15,828, every year, for the twenty years preceding the last census. Those dry tables of the census, with all the pains-taking of the government to prevent any information about Slavery and the slave-trade from getting into them, have nevertheless a terrible testimony to give upon a careful cross-examination. So long as "Slavery and the Constitution" co-exist, the decennial enumeration must give for each State distinctly, "the whole number of free persons including those bound to service for a term of years," and *also*, in a separate statement, the number of "all *other* persons." The decennial return of those "all other persons" will give out to any patient inquirer facts which the people of the South would conceal if they could, but which it is folly to contradict.—*Independent.*

McCREARY'S SURRENDER.

THE correspondence between Governors Lowe and Bigler in the case of Thomas M'Creary, the kidnapper of the Parker girls from Chester county, has been published.

Gov. Lowe refused to deliver him up, because McCreary came to this State (Pa.) not as a kidnapper, but to capture an alleged slave of Mrs. Dickeyhut, that he carried a power of attorney for that purpose, that he took Rachel Parker believing her to be the slave, that he was not guilty of crime, that he cannot agree to deliver him under such circumstances for trial, in a community where so strong prejudices exist against him, that the case is "within the discretion, in regard to requisitions which has always been claimed and exercised by the Executives of the different States of the Union," that he has a right to go behind requisitions and decide upon the merits of the case themselves, and that the verdict was given in favour of the freedom of the Parker girls, in virtue of an arrangement between the Counsel in Baltimore, that their acquittal was to be followed by a cessation of effort to convict McCready of kidnapping.

Gov. Bigler replied that, McCreary did not take Rachel Parker, as people in pursuit of fugitives do, before a United States Commissioner, and establish her identity, but carried her off in violation of law as a kidnapper, and should bear the consequences. He asserts that there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States, or the laws of Congress, or practice of the Governors of the several States, which warrants an Executive in going behind a correct record, to decide upon the facts. Whatever is alleged in defence of McCreary is a matter of inquiry for a jury, and not properly cognisable by a Governor. The United States Constitution and laws of Congress require the Executives to deliver up criminals to the Executive authority issuing the demand, make the duty plain and mandatory, and give the Governor no right to inquire into the merits of the case.

If he has such right, he has the right to reverse the action of a grand jury in the absence of all testimony, to try an accused party before arrest by the guardians of the law he has violated and render judgment in the absence of both prosecutor and accused—doctrines of a most startling, impracticable and dangerous character. An executive officer is bound to obey the law, confiding the rights and interests of accused parties to their peers and the laws of the land. As to the understanding between counsel, there is no official connection between the trial of Rachel and Elisabeth Parker for their freedom and the trial of McCreary for a violation of the laws of this State, and the counsel had no power to bind the officers of Pennsylvania in that case. The power to stay the prosecution in this case, rested exclusively with the Court and District Attorney of Chester county, who claim that McCreary should be tried for violating the laws of the State.

The letter of Governor Bigler is creditable to him, save in the want of a sufficiently bold expression of feeling at the indignity offered this State by the unscrupulous man entrusted with the Executive functions of the State of Maryland. Gov. Bigler meets and overthrows all the positions assumed by Gov. Lowe and places that functionary in the unenviable situation of refusing to discharge a plain duty imposed upon him by the laws of Congress and the Constitution of the United States.

The spectacle is not without its interest and value, as showing how ready Southern men are to violate law and Constitution, when such violation is necessary to protect or sustain their favourite institution, whose existence is a disgrace to our nation, and a libel upon our professions. But a few demagogues in the country, of Lowe's calibre, joined with more vigour than he, in the pro-slavery crusade the last two years have witnessed, and none more roundly than he, denounced the opponents of the "Compromise," for disloyalty to law and the Constitution; yet no sooner has it become necessary that he should violate both, and set at naught law and Constitution to protect Kidnappers, and falsify the decision of Slavery, than he has leapt at the opportunity, brazenly claimed powers legally conferred upon no Governor or other single officer in the Union, trampled down all precedent and all right, ignored trial by jury, made himself Arbiter where he was merely Executive, and interposed his arm as chief Executive of a sovereign State, to screen two hardened criminals from trial and punishment for their offences! Of a piece with this, would be the course of the entire South, should ever their local interests conflict with the general good, or common equity.

The South rules us well, and while they govern, talk handsomely and enthusiastically of the duty of submission; but when positions are changed, and they are requested to consent to unpleasant demands of the law, we have their love of order and respect for the constitution of the country exemplified in their determination openly expressed, to disregard every principle of honesty, every rule of right, every claim of duty to accomplish their unholy purposes. Let this living example of what Southern men will dare to do in defence of Slavery, be not forgotten. Let it ever remain as a standing monument of Southern hypocrisy and lawlessness, and an enduring rebuke of those Northern men, who constantly counsel the submission of the North to the insolence of the South.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Independent Whig.*

A FEW FACTS.

Two girls, Elizabeth and Rachel Parker, were kidnapped in Chester County, carried to Baltimore, and one of them actually sold into Slavery and taken to Louisiana; the other only saved from the same fate by the efforts of benevolent friends.

A gentleman of Chester County, who followed the kidnappers to Baltimore, to rescue their prey, was inhumanly murdered on his way home, in Maryland; and then slandered with the falsehood that he had committed suicide.

The Pennsylvania Legislature authorized the appointment of two able counsel to defend the right of the kidnapped girls to their liberty; and these legal gentlemen were successful, and received over $2,000 from the taxpayers of Pennsylvania for their services.

Gov. Bigler, after much hesitation and delay, issued a requisition upon the Governor of Maryland for the kidnappers of those Parker girls, who are well known.

No public notice was taken of the matter, though private communications no doubt passed between the two Chief Magistrates.

The Maryland Governor and Legislature are invited to Harrisburgh, to hold a jollification, and [illegible] the first Monday of June. The invitation was accepted, and the "spree" came off just before the final adjournment of our legislature, at an expense to our taxpayers of some six or eight thousand dollars for champaigne, brandy, &c.

The next news from Maryland is the announcement that the Governor of that State refuses to deliver up the kidnappers of the Parker girls upon the requisition of Gov. Bigler.

Gov. Bigler pockets the insult to his State with as much humility as the tamest spaniel would crouch at his master's feet; and the press that gave aid to his election is silent as the grave.

The recital of the above facts now is called by some "Abolitionism." A time was when every Pennsylvania heart would have swelled with indignation; and her Executive that would have quietly submitted to such a wrong, would have been universally denounced as a traitor to the honour of the Commonwealth and to the liberties of her citizens.

Is there another State in the Union so degraded as to acquiesce in such treatment? Or can it be expected that a State that shows such a want of self-respect as Pennsylvania has on this and several other recent occasions, will be respected, or have her rights regarded, by her sisters of the confederacy?—*Bucks County (Pa.) Intelligencer.*

TESTIMONY OF "PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS."

WE should be false alike to our deepest personal convictions, and to our noblest ideal of the function of a religious society, if we were to fail of lifting our voice in a solemn protest against American Slavery, the master crime of our country and of the age. The deadly effects of this corrupt and corrupting institution meet us on every hand, at the North scarcely less than in the South. They are not only heard in the despairing wail of the slaves, but exhibited in the hateful despotism and reckless immorality of the masters, in an utter defilement of conscience among our leading politicians and so-called religious teachers, and the general apostasy from all moral and Christian principle of the popular Church. The *existence* of Slavery in a country like ours, which claims to be the friend of Universal Liberty, and the great exemplar of republican institutions, is of itself a shameful and disgusting anomaly; but that an institution so vile, so prolific of human degradation and misery, and which makes our name a hissing and a reproach throughout the civilized world, should find apologists and defenders in men aspiring to the rank of statesmen, or claiming to be the ministers of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, is a phenomenon almost too astounding both for human credulity and human patience. In view of such appalling national wickedness, we are led to say of our country, as the prophet of old said of the Jews: "Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corruptors!" . . . . "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it." . . . . "Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah."

When we remember that nearly four millions of our fellow-beings, children of the same beneficent Parent as ourselves, and endowed like us with an indefeasible right to liberty and the full development of their god-like powers, are doomed by law and public opinion to perpetual bondage; that, although created in the image and likeness of God, they are regarded as merchandise, and their holiest affections made the sport and prey of selfish traffic and unbridled lust; that husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, are rudely sundered from each other, denied all the means of intellectual and moral culture, and forced to toil without wages; and when, with this picture before us, and the cry of the oppressed piercing our ears and moving our hearts, we note the indifference of the Church to this avalanche of human woe, nothing but our faith in the wisdom and goodness of God, and in the invincibility and immortality of Truth, keeps us from utter despair. In that faith we find encouragement to utter our testimony for humanity in the ears of the people, and to labour with such strength as God has given us to break the yokes and sunder the chains of the enslaved.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the doctrine of Immediate Emancipation, as the right of the slave and the duty of the master, was first distinctly proclaimed in the ears of the American people. At that period, Slavery, with all its horrors, had almost ceased to be a topic of public discussion. The pulpit and the press were alike dumb, and the little rills of sympathy for the slave, which had not been utterly dried up, were turned into the foul channel of Colonization, and thus made to impart new vigour to that unholy and cruel prejudice, which, being itself the offspring of Slavery, is in turn its most efficient support. The cry for justice, though uttered by a man of obscure and humble birth, who had neither wealth nor fame to give potency to his words, was not uttered in vain. The South heard it and turned pale; the North trembled lest the agitation of the subject should disturb her guilty peace and diminish her wealth; the State talked of laws against freedom of speech and of the press; and the Church, with her hand on the Bible, demanded silence! But it was all in vain. Neither mobs nor threats of assassination availed to stop the mouths of those whom God had inspired with this new message of truth to an oppressive and guilty nation. From that hour to the present, the cause of Anti-Slavery has gone steadily forward, until now the subject is discussed in every newspaper and pulpit, in every legislative hall and ecclesiastical assembly, in every steamboat and rail-car, in every street and counting-house, and at every fireside in the land. The whole world is giving heed to the cry of the slave. The counsel of the 'wise and prudent' is turned headlong, and the political shufflers who endeavoured to silence the voice of freedom by the terrors of the Fugitive Slave Law are utterly confounded. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is on its mission of mercy throughout the world, and the "KEY" by which the Bastile of Slavery is unlocked and its horrid secrets revealed, is rapidly following in its wake, startling thousands by its array of unquestionable facts, and compelling conviction by its eloquent appeals to the conscience and the heart. We cannot doubt that the moral agitation of this subject which now pervades the land, which is every day becoming more intense, and which the cunning of the politician and the mandate of priestly authority are alike impotent to silence, is the very instrumentality by which the chains of the slave are to be broken. It is not the rage of human passions, blind, headlong, and destructive, but the deep and earnest working of the human heart under the operation of the highest and holiest convictions and impulses. It is the voice of God, speaking through all that is godlike in those whom he has created in his own image, and uttering his own Truth with a power that the oppressor cannot long resist.

We would, therefore, encourage those who are labouring in this reform to stand fast in the great principles which they have so long cherished and maintained; and we would affectionately exhort all those over whom we have influence, to give to this cause all the aid which it is in their power to render. The friends of the slave, of whatever sect or party, should endeavour to work harmoniously together for his redemption—all alike

"Grasping the weapons firm that God has given—
The *Light* and *Truth* and *Love* of Heaven."

Signed on behalf and by direction of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progessive Friends, Fifth month, 1853.

SIDNEY PEIRCE, JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, } *Clerks.*

From The Liberator.

THE CONSTITUTION AND SLAVERY.—MR. MANN'S POSITION DEFINED.

WEST NEWTON, June 11th, 1853.

WM. L. GARRISON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: 'What obligations, if any, to uphold Slavery, does a fair and statesmanlike construction of our Constitutions, State and National, impose upon the office-holder under them?' I state the question, of course, politically, and not morally; for, wherever we encounter any claim or implication requiring a violation of the law of God, all human laws, mandates, treaties, or constitutions, are as flax in the flame. My present standpoint is inside of the Constitutions, as their supporter; not outside, as their destroyer.

Late discussions, on many of the points involved in the above question, have been so demonstrative and exhaustive, that I shall study brevity by merely stating conclusions, rather than to repeat the arguments and reproduce the authorities by which they have been established.

The only objection I am aware of, which is made against the Constitution of Massachusetts, is that office-holding under it involves an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

The first paragraph of the first Section of the first Article of the Constitution of the United States, claimed to have a bearing upon the question of Slavery, relates to the basis of representation—the three-fifths rule, so called.

As this provision has been practically construed, ever since the adoption of the Constitution, it is, as to the slave States, a *rule of disability*. Were all their slaves to be taken and counted as freemen, as we say they ought to be, the States now holding them would be immediately entitled to about fifteen more representatives in the lower House of Congress than they now claim. Though I rejoice in those laws of God which must forever give free States an ascendancy, in point of wealth and numbers, over slave States, yet I should rejoice all the more at that extension of freedom which would add so much to the relative power of the South.

The next provision is that which says, 'Congress shall have power to provide for calling forth the militia to suppress insurrections.' It has been claimed that, in case of a servile insurrection, the oath of a member of Congress would oblige him to exercise this power. No proposition could be more untenable. It is a power given, not a duty enjoined. Suppose such an insurrection to have spread into a free State, and to endanger the lives of its inhabitants, it may be the duty of Congress to suppress it, as it may be the duty of an executive magistrate to put down a mob, no matter how righteous the remote cause in which it may have originated. But suppose the slaves to have issued a new and real Declaration of Independence, and to have instituted a complete and not a partial form of republican government, the question will be open to every member of Congress, *which is the insurgent party, and which, therefore, the party to be suppressed.*

But the provision relating to fugitives from service or labour is supposed to present what Lord Bacon called the *experimentum crucis*—the test.

Now, on the face of this provision, there is not the slightest hint or intimation that any legislation, either by Congress or by the States, was expected or required. In the words, 'law or regulation,' it refers to legislation; not, however, to enjoin, but to interdict. The idea of legislation, therefore, was present to the minds of the framers, and yet they made no injunction on State or nation to act upon it. All they demanded was that, for a certain purpose, it should not be acted upon.

All this has been so many times demonstrated, that every student of Anti-Slavery logic and literature has the arguments and the illustrations by heart.

What, then, was the redress of a party from whom a 'person held to service or labour' had escaped? Manifestly, the courts, and the courts alone. The cardinal words in the clause are words belonging to the courts—to judicial proceedings. 'Held,' '*under* the laws,' 'discharged,' 'delivered up,' 'claim,' 'party,' 'due,' these are not words that savour of law making, but of law-expounding; not of concurrent acts of Senate and House, prescribing a general rule of conduct; but of the judicial acts of a legal tribunal adjudicating on 'parties' in reference to a specific 'claim.' In the case of a claim for an escaping servant, the courts must act *in rem*, that is, upon the subject-matter in litigation; and, from time immemorial, whenever the courts act *in rem*, as in the case of replevin, they order the thing in dispute to be 'delivered up' to the prevailing party. This is the common function of courts; it is not of legislatures.

But, in the case of a 'claim' by a 'party' before a court, for a *fugitive from service*, what would be the question? Clearly, under these words in the Constitution, the main question would be, whether the person claimed was 'held' to service or labour, under any State laws: or—which is the exact correlative of this—whether such service or labour was 'due' from the person claimed.

Now, shall we look at the language of a law, in order to ascertain its meaning? If so, then this clause in the Constitution, so far from including slaves, by force of its terms, expressly excludes them. I am endeavouring now to ascertain the meaning of the provision from its language, and not from history or any contemporaneous events, and I should like to have a pro-slavery champion tell me why, if the framers of the Constitution meant slaves, they didn't say so? He may answer me whichever way he will; before I get through, it will be seen that I shall confute him on his own answer. Instead of saying slaves, the Constitution uses words which, in their natural signification, exclude the idea of a slave. Listen: 'Person *held* to service,' 'shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be *due*.' Now, the terms 'held' and 'due' are technical law terms, perhaps as old as the common law itself. At any rate, for hundreds of years, they have been invested with a specific legal meaning, and for millions of times they have been used for a specific legal purpose. In law books and in judicial proceedings, they have been used in their special technical sense, and one might as well try to conjure up a doubt about the meaning of the word 'ten,' or the word 'radius,' or the word 'acute,' as about them. A debtor is *held* to bail; that is, he has come under a civil obligation to appear, & An obligor is *held* and firmly bound; that is, he has covenanted, by an instrument under seal, to pay something, or do something. The jury finds that such a sum is *due* from the defendant to the plaintiff. The court decides that the services of an indented apprentice are *due* to the master, &c. &c. But the very definition of a slave is, that he is incapable of contracting with any mortal whomsoever, not even with a woman to make her his wife, nor with a physician to save him from death. He can no more make a promise than a stone or a log. He cannot *owe*. Men bind themselves *by consent, by an exercise of the will*. But a slave's will is in his master's bosom. Talk of his making a contract, by virtue of which his services are *due* to another; he has not even the instrument to contract with. To say, then, that a slave is a chattel, and that service is *due* or *owing* from him to his *owner*, is to say that a chattel, which, civilly, is devoid of will, is omnipotent over its own nature, and can be a dead chattel and a live debtor at the same time.

But we have been looking, exclusively, at the *language* of the Constitution. Is there not some principle of interpretation, accompanied also by facts, fulfilling the conditions of the principle, which can modify the words in question, and impose upon them a meaning different from their accustomed, plain, English, legal sense?

All will understand that I here refer to the principle of contemporaneous interpretation, or construction by historical facts. Now, I acknowledge the validity of this principle. It seems to me sound, and, therefore, wherever it fairly carries me, I must go. I cannot deny a principle because of its supposed adverse bearing upon the point in issue. If I deny it now, by and by, when I have occasion to use it, my adversary will cite my denial against me. The rule, to do as we would be done by, belongs to logic as well as to every thing else.

But suppose it could be demonstrated from contemporaneous records, or historical evidences of any kind, that the framers of the Constitution meant to allow the case of fugitive slaves to be included in the second section of the fourth article, the question will still remain, whether they have used language sufficiently plain and comprehensive to effectuate their purpose. If they have not, then their purpose, like that of ten thousand other contracting parties, becomes abortive. As the clause stands, it is unexceptionable. Neither humanity nor the higher law has aught to allege against it. But if an attempt is made to force the idea of Slavery into it, by virtue of an outside rule of construction, then another rule of construction, as old, and far more sacred and binding, arises, which explains the explanation and construes the construer. This sacred and authoritative rule is, that, in whatever pertains to human life and liberty, everything is to be construed most strictly in favor of these natural rights. The law books overflow with precedents on this subject, and they are all on one side. No matter how dire the intent of the legislator was; he may have been a very Herod; he may have intended to murder infants or to enslave a race; still, if words have not been used which command and coerce such a meaning, they are not to be so executed. Had the tyrant legislator meant to kill another by a blow, but had missed his aim, the object of his wrath would not be dead; so, if he meant to enact a law that would that race is not enslaved. This is not like the case of a common contract between A and B (though it is often so argued), in which, no matter if the parties only say *Fee-faw-fum*, and subscribe their names to it, each knowing perfectly well what the other understands it to mean, then each, by the clearest laws of morality, is bound to execute it as his co-contractor expected. But here, the rights of third persons are concerned, and therefore the original compact, when subjected to all the well-established rules of interpretation, is our only guide. The first rule is, to ascertain the meaning of the law from the words used. The second is to view it in the light shed upon it by history. The third, which overarches both these, is to construe every thing most strictly in favour of life and liberty. I need not cite authorities to support these well-known principles. The books abound in them. In recent discussions, on this subject, they have been made accessible to all.*

But to all this it is replied, that the practice of the government, for more than sixty years, conflicts with such an exposition. True; but the special reason for commencing this practice is as much a matter of history as anything else. The same historical facts which give relevancy to the argument from contemporaneous construction, show the origin, and must limit the extent of the practice under that construction. In twelve of the thirteen States, Slavery existed as a fact, when the Constitution was framed. An attempt was made to give it an express constitutional guaranty. That attempt was resisted and defeated. It was believed, on all hands, that Slavery was an institution about to pass away. It was deemed impossible for Slavery and Republicanism to co-exist. Universal freedom was everywhere seen to be a logical necessity from the country's antecedents, and a little time only was wanted to work out the problem. This, then, was the dilemma to be met. The fact of partial Slavery was to be reconciled with the universal right to freedom. To accomplish this, the expedient was hit upon of adopting a phraseology for the Constitution, under which the slaveholder might claim to continue in the possession of his slaves, *for a time, and until the period should arrive at which, as was then expected, Slavery would cease out of the land.* When that expected epoch should come, the Constitution would apply to free men alone, in fact as well as in terms, and it could not be known from perusing the instrument that any but freemen had ever existed under it. It was with this understanding that the Constitution was framed. It was with this understanding that it was adopted. It could not have been formed or adopted on any other.

This view of the subject solves every difficulty, and accounts for every fact belonging to the case. It shows why the two or three States which favoured Slavery in the Convention, when baffled in their attempt to obtain express guarantees for it, were content to accept an ambiguous phraseology, and to run their chance under it. It shows why the States adverse to Slavery assented to provisions whose imm

but whose intrinsic meaning and force no more embraced Slavery than they did the British Press-gang or the French *Lettres de Cachet*, and which, whatever they meant, were understood, on all sides, to be applicable to an institution soon to be abandoned and cast out by all men. And it accounts, as no other hypothesis did or can, for that extraordinary series of measures which signalized the action of the government on this subject, during the earlier periods of its history. I mean the two or three instances in which Slavery was recognised by legislation—each perfectly compatible with the idea that its days were numbered—as contrasted with those repeated acts of sweeping, wholesale legislation, which aimed mortal blows at the very existence of the institution itself. What was the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, compared with one of the acts of the First Congress, re-affirming the Ordinance of 1787, and the affirmation of that affirmance, when the States formed from that territory were admitted into the Union?—compared again with the repeated acts prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the territories; with provisions for transhipping captured slaves to Africa; with the abolition of the slave trade at the earliest possible hour allowed by the Constitution; with what, for the times, was one of the boldest of measures, the making of the slave trade a felony, punishable with death? &c. &c. The Anti-Slavery legislation of Congress looked to the circumscription and extinction of Slavery; its pro-slavery legislation looked only to incidental matters, and, though immensely important in its effects, yet, at that time, it seemed comparatively unimportant. This was precisely the way in which men would act, who were attempting to reconcile the temporary fact of Slavery with the permanent and universal right of freedom.

Now, let us take the worst view which the subject will bear. Let us suppose that history and contemporaneous events constrain us to admit (though, in fact, the evidence is not overwhelmingly strong nor altogether consistent) that the framers of the Constitution and its early administrators did acquiesce, and *did mean to acquiesce*—I put it in its worst form—in the pro-slavery construction of the fourth article, it is still clear that such acquiescence was entirely consistent with the expectation and belief that Slavery would soon die out, and, when the expected time should arrive, the duty of forbearance or acquiescence would be at an end, and the strict language of the Constitution, in its natural and legal sense, should then be the rule of action for all.

Suppose A and B to propose a partnership for ten years. On all the main points of the relation, their interests and wishes coincide; but there is a collateral matter, not only unimportant in proportion to the great motives which prompt the union, but understood to be of a temporary character, in which they clash. This matter both parties have reasons for not spreading upon the face of the contract. Terms are therefore adopted which do not, *eo nomine*, or, in specific phrase, either accept or reject what is desired by the one and denied by the other; and it is understood that a temporary forbearance, or recognition even, is to be allowed. Or suppose two parties to have an amicable litigation in court, and the question between them is, in what terms the decree of the court shall be entered. On all points but one, they are agreed. On this point, a claim is made, by one of the parties, which the other will not admit, and the court itself refuses to enter it upon the record, as being *contra bonos mores*, or against sound morals. At last, as a temporary expedient, the terms of the record are agreed upon, excluding the claim, but with a personal understanding between the parties, that *during the brief period for which the exigency is understood to exist*, practical resistance to the claim shall be forborne. Now, do not these suppositions fulfil all the conditions of the rule of contemporary interpretation? and what judge or jurist, what court or chancellor, can say that such an arrangement, which was only formed to get rid of a transitory difficulty, shall be afterwards, by any change of circumstances, made co-extensive with the legal and binding relations into which the parties have entered?

If, then, the rule of contemporaneous construction should be allowed to open the Constitution for the purpose of letting in the idea of Slavery, all the limitations attached to that rule must necessarily come in with it; and among these is the limitation of time. It would be the most unrighteous of interpretations, even as between the original parties, and without reference to the rights of third persons, to impose a new reading upon the Constitution, by force of the rule of historical exposition, and then to claim that reading as perpetual, when the very history that gave it birth demonstrates that it was to be temporary only. If contemporaneous history is allowed to change the obvious *prima facie* meaning of the instrument, we must have the whole of the contemporaneous history, so as to know *how much*—that is, in this case, *how long*—is it to change it; and, on this point, nothing can be clearer than the proof afforded by that history.

The fact that Slavery has not passed away, as was expected, but is to-day two-fold more extended in the territory which it covers, and six-fold more numerous in the victims which it enchains, has not a feather's weight in invalidating this course of reasoning, and the conclusions to which it leads. It is an argument the other way. If a claim is set up to make that enduring which was understood to be transitory, and that national which was understood to be sectional, the reasons are, not so much the weaker, but so much the stronger, for discarding the transient gloss that has been put upon it, and for giving it a practical interpretation in accordance with the great principles of liberty it was designed to secure and uphold.

This argument, it seems to me, becomes irresistible, when we escape from our present environment of facts, and go back and take our stand among the facts of 1787 and '88. Who, at that period, saw the immense expansion in the culture of cotton and the effect it would have upon the interests of men, the diplomacy of courts, and the destiny of nations? Who foresaw the cupidity of Northern cities, which would make them abandon the great principles on which the war of the revolution itself proceeded, for the hope of a cent a yard on calico, and a penny a pound on iron, in a prospective tariff, never to be obtained? Who foresaw that Northern apostates would gamble for the Presidency, and use the bodies and souls of men for their dice? Had a vision of these now present facts been presented to the framers of the Constitution, they would have viewed them as impossible as cannibalism.

For those who admit that Slavery was tolerated and acquiesced in, by our government, from the constraints of a momentary necessity, but deny that it was adopted as an enduring part of our system, only one further question remains. 'What length of acquiesence or toleration should be allowed, in fulfilment of the original understanding?' When did, or when will, the time arrive, beyond which all implied or expected obligations in behalf of Slavery must cease to exist, even on the principle that it was at first allowed in order to meet a temporary exigency? This question is analogous to that of 'adequate time,' or 'reasonable time,' which is passed upon every day by juries, and decided every day by the courts. Looking at this question from a point of view inside the Constitution, considering the number of Slaves in what are now called the Slave States, in 1787, their value, and the relation of social and economical dependence borne towards them by their masters on the one hand; and, on the other hand, considering the Declaration of Independence which the people had just proclaimed to the world as their rule of faith and practice; considering the immortal principles of equity and justice which were embodied in the Constitution of the United States, and the sacrifices which had been made to secure their enjoyment for ages to come—considering all these things, I say, who can suppose that any man believed, or, at most, that any considerable number of men believed, that the dominion of Slavery in this country would not share the fate and follow the fortunes of the dominion of the British Crown, and pass speedily into practical oblivion? They doubtless would suppose that it would last until after the epoch of 1808; because, up to that time, Slaves, by the supposition, could be imported. But could any man have supposed that, in a country, at whose birth the song of the angel was, that 'all men were created free and equal;' whose infancy had borne the struggles of maturest manhood; and whose great solemn compact entered into for the guide of its life, through all the coming generations, declares its object to be to 'establish justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity'—can any sane man suppose that, in such a country, and by men achieving such deeds, and covenanting before the world for such principles, it was supposed that Slavery could survive all justice, welfare, law and religion, for so much as a hundred years? It is impossible. Two generations would be the utmost limit that extravagance could ask for it.

When, then, this rule of contemporaneous construction, with the limitation as to time which its own history carries with it, has had its scope, there remains not a particle of even political obligation on the goverment, or on any officer of the government, or on any citizen whose action connects him with the goverment, to do one further act in behalf of Slavery. All are remitted to the plain language of the Constitution, which, as before shown, does not mean Slavery, any more than it means the Inquisition or Thuggery.

There is another consideration connected with this subject. For thirty years after the adoption of the Constitution—that is, up to about the time of the Missouri Compromise—I recollect no instance in which the South ever made any demonstration of a purpose to regard Slavery as a permanent institution of the country, and to shelter and extend it, under the Constitution itself. Then, a new policy was avowed. Slavery was to be extended, not circumscribed. Instead of the supposed privilege of a temporary existence, a charter for a new existence coeval with the Constitution itself was claimed for it. This important fact furnishes to my mind no reason for a more liberal or enlarged construction of the rule of contemporaneous exposition.

Mr. Editor, though my opinions are of no public importance, yet there are one or two reasons why I do not regret this opportunity to state them somewhat at length. In the fierce contest in which, for some years past, we have been engaged, no occasion has demanded this detailed exposition. In the thick of the fight, we have been obliged to give blows and parry blows, and leave truces and treaties for the morrow. In discussing Slavery before the pro-slavery men in Congress, and the more impassive pro-slavery men at the North, we have been acting on the defensive, and against the most outrageous aggressions—aggressions, even according to their own constitutional theories. But the Free Soilers, so far as I recollect, though they may have often placed themselves upon the platform of their adversary, for the sake of meeting his arguments on his own hypothesis, yet I believe they have never yielded up any of the grounds here marked out and contended for.

Another is, that it gives me an opportunity to vindicate the consistency of the Free Soil party, generally. If I contended, as I often have done, that our pro-slavery legislation by Congress had no warrant in the Constitution of the United States, then any disingenuous person might charge me with transferring the obligation to the States. And if I maintained that the States, as such, had no duty to perform on this subject, the same unscrupulous accuser might pretend to see a necessity for lodging the power in Congress again. And thus he might charge me with shifting my ground, or, according to the vulgar expression, with playing 'fast and loose,' while the plain truth and the whole truth would be, that he was shifting his unwarrantable imputations.

The view which I have now taken shows the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution. It explains, also, how, consistently with this Anti-Slavery character, a pro-slavery construction was, originally, and to answer a temporary purpose, given to some parts of its provisions. And, what is most important, it demonstrates that the original pro-slavery legislation under it, so far from proving its permanent and abiding pro-slavery character, was exhausting whatever of pro-slavery could be forced upon it, or incorporated into it, by the rule of contemporaneous exposition. When that rule has spent itself by lapse of time, and in accordance with its own historical limitations, then the Constitution, like Christian in his journey to the Celestial City, has cast the burden of sin from its back, and stands redeemed from all pro-slavery attributes and attributions.

Now pardon me for expressing, with no unkindness of feeling, nor hint at any intended dereliction of duty, my deep regret, that while the Anti-Slavery argument is growing stronger and stronger, by the progress of events, and especially by the evolution of the moral sentiment of the world, a body of men should rise up among us, animated by an unflagging energy and zeal that would do credit to any cause, who coalesce with the extremest champions of Slavery, whether North or South, in contending for the most ultra pro-slavery constructions of the Constitution; and who thus furnish 'aid and comfort'—'material aid,' even—to the most fanatical claims of every Southern slaveholder in his crusades against the rights of mankind. As a class, I do not doubt their sincerity, but I lament their disastrous position.

One word more, and I will close: There may be true Anti-Slavery men who will not adopt my conclusions, as set forth in this letter; and there may be those who, while they assent to the principles laid down, may not think that the rule of contemporaneous construction has yet expended its force, and therefore may hold that previous interpretations ought still to be followed, for a generation or more longer. Is there any reason why such men should not hold ... members of Congress or of State Legislatures, I trust I have shown they can have no legitimate connection with Slavery in any way; because the Constitution requires no legislation, by State or nation, on the subject. And the chances are indefinitely small, that in any other office or position, they will be called upon to do any act for the return of a fugitive slave, or in behalf of Slavery. Should such an exigency arise, they could resist the demand, and take the consequences, just as, in the capacity of private citizens, they could do the same. So far as pro-slavery implications are concerned, I should not have the slightest objection to take the commission and the oath of a United States Marshal to-day. If called upon, under the law of 1793 or 1850, to arrest an alleged fugitive, I should rejoice that the commission was in my hands, and not in the hands of one who would do so ungodly a deed. The frivolous and light-minded may here say, that, with such an intent, one of the qualifications of the incumbent should be a long purse. But it would be immaterial for such a purpose, whether I were rich or poor. If rich, to what better use could I put my money? If poor, who could doubt my indemnification by an eager public? At any rate, as a last resort, I could surrender my commission. Two officers in the British army did this, on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, because they would not be guilty of assisting to subjugate the colonies. Granville Sharpe, who then held an office in one of the home departments of government, did the same, and for the same reasons.

In a characteristic note, Mr. Editor, you requested me, in stating my views of the Constitution, to be 'explicit.' I trust you will find that I have been so. At any rate, if any person, for any reason, shall feel an interest in my views on this subject; and, instead of arraigning and denouncing me before the public, if he shall ask, in any civil way, to be informed of them, he may be assured of respectful attention. Yours, truly, HORACE MANN.

P. S. As to your correspondents and others, who have rushed in with such alacrity to cover the retreat of their friend—my original assailant—perhaps I ought to regard the zeal which has so dimmed their vision as the mere expression of their good will towards him, rather than of ill-will towards me, or the truth; and so to let it pass. 'D. Y.,' the correspondent of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, intimated a less amiable excuse for himself, when lately, in a moment of self-conscious recognition, he suggested for himself the name of the 'laughing hyena.' And all the people shouted, Amen!

ST. PAUL AS A SLAVE COMMISSIONER.

MRS. STOWE, in her "Key to Uncle Tom," has the following notice of the case of Onesimus, and the use attempted to be made of it by the defenders and apologists of Slavery. We commend it to the perusal of that friend of ours who attempts to make out St. Paul a Fugitive Slave Commissioner.

"But it is said that St. Paul sent Onesimus back to his master. Indeed! but *how*? When, to our eternal shame and disgrace the horrors of the Fugitive Slave Law were being enacted in Boston, and the very Cradle of Liberty resounded with the groans of the slave, and men harder-hearted than Saul of Tarsus, made havoc of the Church, entering into every house, hailing men and women, committing them to prison; when whole churches of humble Christians were broken up and scattered like flocks of trembling sheep; when husbands and fathers were torn from their families, and mothers, with poor, helpless children, fled at midnight, with bleeding feet, through snow and ice towards Canada; in the midst of these scenes, which have made America a by-word, a hissing and an astonishment among all nations, there were found men, Christian men, ministers of the Gospel of Jesus, even—alas! that this should ever be written—who, standing in the pulpit, in the name and by the authority of Christ, justified and sanctioned these enormities, and used this most loving and simple-hearted letter of the martyr Paul to justify these unheard of atrocities!

"He who said 'Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?'—he who called the converted slave his own body, the son begotten in his bonds, and who sent him to the brother of his soul with the direction, 'Receive him as myself, not now as a slave, but above a slave, a brother beloved'—this beautiful letter, this outgush of tenderness and love, passing the love of woman, was held up to be pawed over by the polluted hobgoblin fingers of slave-dealers and slave-whippers as their *lettre de cachet*, signed and sealed in the name of Christ and his Apostles, giving full authority to carry back slaves to be tortured and whipped, and sold into perpetual bondage, as were Henry Long and Thomas Sims! Just as well might a mother's letter, when, with prayers and tears, she commits her first and only child to the cherishing love and sympathy of some trusted friend, be used as an inquisitor's warrant for inflicting imprisonment and torture upon that child. Had not every fragment of the Apostle's body long since mouldered to dust, his very bones would have moved in their grave in protest against such slander on the Christian name and faith. And is it come to this, O Jesus Christ! have such things been done in thy name, and art thou silent yet? Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour!"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1853.

END OF THE CHAPTER.

A LITTLE more than a year and a half ago, a coloured girl, named Rachel Parker, living in the family of John C. Miller, in Oxford, Chester Co., Pa., was seized in open daylight, in the presence of the lady of the house, by a notorious ruffian from Elkton, Cecil Co., Md., named Thomas McCreary, who, aided by a confederate named Merritt (well known in the neighbourhood for his readiness to take a hand in any scheme of profitable villany), carried her off to Baltimore. The girl was extensively known to be a native of Pennsylvania, and to have lived from her birth in the neighbourhood whence she was kidnapped. The man from whose house she was abducted, accompanied by a few of his neighbours, followed the abductors with all speed to Baltimore. They found the girl in one of the slave pens of that city, and that she was claimed as the slave of a Mrs. Dickahut; McCreary, in carrying her off, having acted under a power of attorney from her pretended claimant. Having instituted legal proceedings to establish the girl's freedom, Mr. Miller and his friends went to the railroad station in the dusk of evening to take passage homeward. Before the train started, Miller was decoyed from the car in which he had taken his seat by information that somebody outside desired to speak with him; and this is the last time his friends ever saw him alive. They missed him after the cars left, and went in search of him. Next morning his body was found at Stemmer's Run, near the railroad, ten miles or more from Baltimore, suspended by the neck from a tree in such a way as to afford plausible grounds for the story that he had committed suicide. His friends, however, entertain no doubt that he was murdered, and the circumstances serve to confirm their opinion. If he committed suicide, he must have arrived at Stemmer's Run early in the evening, but this is improbable, because the friends, who went to Baltimore with him, did not see him after he was decoyed from the car as above described. It is not pretended that he was seen at Stemmer's Run alive, by anybody, and if he committed suicide, he must have done so early in the evening, immediately after the arrival of the cars at that place. Now it so happened that there was a heavy rain during the night, but his clothing was entirely dry when his body was discovered, thus showing that he was not suspended to the tree until near morning, after his murderers had had plenty of time to reach the place by private conveyance from Baltimore. One of the two handkerchiefs by which he was suspended was not his own, and mittens were on his hands, which of itself affords reasonable ground of suspicion that the knot was tied by other fingers than his own. The inquest was conducted most disgracefully by a set of drunken rowdies who had spent the night at a rum-hole in the vicinity, and some of whom were heard to boast that the death of Gorsuch was revenged! Subsequent examinations by reputable physicians revealed the presence of arsenic in the stomach, which leaves little ground for doubt that he was first murdered by poison, and his body afterwards suspended to the tree by the men who deprived him of his life. But the crime was committed in Maryland, and all efforts of Miller's friends to bring the villains to justice proved abortive.

At length, the suit for the freedom of the kidnapped girl was brought to trial. The Governor of Pennsylvania, by direction of the Legislature, appointed counsel for her defence. The then Attorney General of the State, Mr. Campbell (now Postmaster General of the United States), and Judge Bell of West Chester, were the men on whom this duty devolved. More than sixty witnesses, who had known the girl from birth, were present from Pennsylvania. Before half of them had testified, it became evident to the kidnappers that their game was up—that the proofs of the girl's freedom were too overwhelming to be resisted even by a Maryland jury. The plaintiffs, moreover, were prepared to impeach the principal witnesses on whose testimony the kidnappers relied. The counsel for the latter, in this state of affairs, proposed to withdraw all opposition to the freedom of the girl, and to allow a verdict to be taken in her favour, with the understanding that her counsel should do what they could to hush the matter up and save the kidnappers from molestation by legal proceedings in Pennsylvania. To this *compromise* (!) Attorney General Campbell assented, and Judge Bell did not object. There were congratulatory speeches on the part of the counsel over the restoration of harmony between the two States, and the Judge waxed eloquent in view of "the great salvation" which the Union had once more experienced. "So they wrapped it up."

But the Grand Jury of Chester County were not willing thus to compound for the kidnapping of those entitled to their protection, and therefore, as in duty bound, found true bills against McCreary and Merritt, and sent certified copies thereof to Governor Bigler, who, in spite of his well-known affinities for Slavery and the fugitive slave law, and his readiness to bow the knee to the slaveholders for the sake of thrift, could do no less than comply with the law requiring him to demand of the Executive of Maryland the delivery of the culprits for trial. The correspondence which ensued has been published, and a synopsis of it will be found on the first page of this paper, copied from the Lancaster *Independent Whig*. Of course Governor Lowe refused to surrender the kidnappers. Governor Bigler argues the case well enough, but his well-known party affinities for Slavery divest his arguments of all moral influence, and may well lead the Governor of Maryland to conclude that he is talking in a Pickwickian sense, rather than with any desire or expectation that his words will be heeded. Having exposed Pennsylvania to the contempt of the Slave Power by his previous acts, he had disqualified himself for protecting her dignity and her honour in this important case, whatever might be his wishes or intentions.

And this is the end a chapter of kidnapping, murder and perjury, all growing legitimately out of Slavery, and illustrating the beauties and the benefits of our glorious Union!

"HORACE MANN'S EXTINGUISHER."—In these words *Frederick Douglass's Paper* characterizes the letters of Mr. Mann, in which that gentleman has endeavoured to set aside the judicial and commonly received interpretation of those parts of the U. S. Constitution which are supposed to refer to slaves and to Slavery. "We look," says the editor of that paper, "upon the Mann and Phillips controversy as the last serious one which we shall have on the question of the propriety and rightfulness of voting under the Constitution." Such language seems to us not only absurd, but unwarrantably boastful and self-complacent, but never mind. *We* at least can await without anxiety the full results of Mr. Mann's labours. In our judgment, he has said nothing which has not been quite as well said at least a dozen times before, and as often triumphantly answered. The candid reader of his argument must, it seems to us, say of it what has been said, in substance, of similar efforts heretofore:

"Conflicting cruelly against itself,
By its own hand it fell, part slaying part."

If Mr. Douglass will remember his own prediction above quoted for one year, we think he will be constrained to admit that whatever Mr. Mann may have "extinguished," the arguments of the Disunionists are still strong enough to tax the best talent in the Free Soil party.

EQUALITY IN THE MILITIA.

THE rule by which coloured men have hitherto been excluded from the organization of the militia was made the subject of debate in Committee of the Whole in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention on the 22d ult. It seems that a petition had been presented to that body, praying, in substance, that no able-bodied male citizen might be forbidden or prevented from serving or holding office or commission in the Militia on account of his colour. The committee to whom this petition was referred reported, that its prayer could not be granted without a violation of the U. S. Constitution; but intimated that, inasmuch as the present organization of the militia of the State is founded upon a system of voluntary and not of compulsory service, a service not contemplated by the laws of the United States, the whole subject might lie within the discretion of the Commander-in-Chief. They advised that the Convention should take no action upon the subject.

Mr. WHITNEY, of Boylston, moved to strike out the report, and insert instead a resolution, that in the future enrollment of the militia of the Commonwealth, no distinction shall be made on account of colour. This amendment, after a brief debate, was rejected—74 to 99—and the report was accepted. The Committee of the Whole then rose and reported progress.

Subsequently, in the Convention, Hon. HENRY WILSON moved to strike out the latter part of the report and insert the following resolution:

Resolved, That no distinction shall be ever made in the organization of the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth, on account of colour or race.

Mr. WILSON supported his amendment in a brief speech, and Mr. Keyes of Abington followed on the same side.

Considerable debate ensued, the substance of which we copy below from the report of the *Boston Courier*. It shows clearly enough that, on this subject as on every other pertaining to the rights of the people of colour, the Constitution of the United States stands in the way of every measure of equality. Our Free Soil friends tried to get round it, but in vain. The logic of Mr. Choate held them fast, and they were forced to beat a retreat. In view of their oft-repeated professions of allegiance to the Constitution, and especially in view of the recent efforts of Mr. Mann to save their consistency by giving the Constitution an unnatural twist, we confess it is with some degree of satisfaction that we see them brought to the snubbing-post and compelled to own that a chain is around their necks—a chain that cannot be broken without shivering the Constitution itself.

But we will not detain the reader with comments.

Hon. RUFUS CHOATE, of Boston, said that although he had no very strong feeling upon the subject under discussion, he felt it to be his duty to say a word or two in addition to what had already been said, on the interesting matter of national law and the supposed conflict which was thought to arise, as developed by the proposition of the gentleman from Natick (Mr. Wilson). If the agendment meant merely to authorize the Governor to organize a company of men in such a way as to place them beyond the effect of our criminal law, in consequence of such an organization—if it meant the withdrawing their persons from the operation of that part of our criminal code which would subject them to prosecution for riot—if it meant to organize a mere and strictly insulated local police, forming no part of the militia of the nation, not coming within their name, not entitled to serve in their ranks, not subjected to the code of law by which they are governed—but a mere insulated and discriminated local police—then there was no conflict at all, that he (Mr. Choate) could see. But if it was proposed to make an organization which shall form any part of the national army, who shall stand upon the parade under the stars and stripes of an equality with the citizen soldiery of the land—he meant, he said, an equality under the law—forming a part of that institution, bearing its name, and subject to its regulation and control and discipline—the amendment proposed was a manifest violation, he thought, of the Constitution of the United States. He differed with the gentleman from Marshfield (Mr. Summer) and others, in the opinions they had expressed upon the comparative and relative jurisidiction between the state of Massachusetts and the United States, in regard to this matter of the militia. The grant of power to the general government was not exclusive; that was perfectly well established; and although Congress may or may not have taken the matter in hand, yet, just so far as it left the ground uncovered, the states may intervene and make a militia law of their own. Unless, therefore, you can raise a direct conflict in regard to this particular subject matter of our legislation and the legislation of Congress, there is no conflict at all. But with regard to the motion submitted by the gentleman from Marshfield, last evening, he was prepared to show that it was unwarranted by the Constitution of the United States.

It was perfectly competent for this Commonwealth, in its constitutional capacity, in its relation to the Union, to make an organic law that shall re-enact every provision in the Constitution of the United States, and every provision in every law of the United States, upon the subject of the militia—from the beginning to the end—yes, we may re-enact it, we may legislate or ordain an auxiliary reference to it—we may do anything and everything till we come to the point of direct conflict, and no further. There is not a word in the case of Prigg and Pennsylvania—which had been alluded to upon this point—impugning this position. The Prigg case stood alone, and would stand alone till the end of our national time, an adjudication upon the fugitive slave law and nothing else. He could not adopt the doctrine that the legislation of the general government was exclusive in its nature until it acts. When it acts and covers the matter, we cannot avoid it. We may go up to it, we may go round it, but we cannot go in conflict with a national law.

In regard to the inquiry, as to what would be the result of sending a coloured Commander-in-Chief at the head of the Massachusetts militia in response to a national call for military, the ATTORNEY GENERAL said he found no difficulty in the solution of that question. The federal laws had furnished an apt answer. The general government had legislated and had covered the whole ground. It had legislated by definition—it had created a national militia—and has identified it and made it homogenous; ascertained it particularly and practically in point of law, by prefixing the epithet "*white*." It has national legislation completely and exclusively of the entire subject matter, and hence it comes to be merely a question as to what you will do; it comes to be true by necessary consequence—perceived instantly by the gentleman from Natick, and not doubted even by the impassioned and eloquent gentleman from Abington (Mr. Keyes)—it comes to be the concession of every one that that is the fundamental and paramount and supreme law. If that be so, said Mr. Choate, whatsoever you desire it may be worth, you can raise no coloured regiment or part of a regiment, that shall be of the militia of the United States—none whatever. It then becomes a question what such a company would be, and whether it was worth while to make any provision for its organization. He would tell the Convention what, in his judgment, the State Legislature could constitutionally do—though perhaps it might be said it was not necessary to interfere in the matter—and that was that the Governor may authorize coloured citizens to organize themselves with arms in their hands, to procure the flag of our country, and march with a band of music at their head, without violating the provisions of our criminal law in that respect. It may be ordained that such an organization, marching in our streets, shall not be taken and deemed to be a riot—that it is not such an organization as would produce terror in the minds of those peaceably disposed. But it is certain that if they were to go upon parade and win Bunker Hills, yet they never can be a part of the militia of the United States. No court-martial can ever touch a hair of their heads—no military court of the United States can come near them—no military court can know them or recognise them in any way; and while the white volunteer, who stands side by side with the coloured soldier, may look to one pension, and feel that he is subject to one administration of criminal law, none of these things can appertain to any person of colour. That was the difficulty. Whether philanthropy and humanity would be promoted by adopting the proposition which had been offered, and what would be its effect upon the white volunteer he did no pretend to predict. He was not a military man either in taste or spirit; but, however strange it might sound to hear him say so, he was a "philanthropist and a humane man;" but he did not see his way clear on the point of utility. Nay more, he did not see how he could do anything for this coloured race, by putting them in one of the high places of the Commonwealth, with weapons in their hands, and allow our glorious banner to throw around them all the pomp and parade and condition of war; the colour cleaves to them there, and on parade is only more conspicuous. Gentlemen might differ from him in the opinion he had expressed—on that point he had nothing to say. He rose merely for the purpose of attempting to clear the idea in regard to the relation of the Constitution and law of the United States to our laws, on this subject of the militia. He held that upon that subject, we do as much harm by giving to the general government too much power as too little. The true rule was the exact measure of right between both. He repeated that by the exposition of the law, Congress gets no such exclusive power, but that we may arm and train our militia just as we please; but he held that when we come to legislate and cover a given ground, we cannot go beyond the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. WILSON, of Natick asked the Attorney General if, in his opinion, the law of the United States would forbid the Governor of this Commonwealth, the commander-in-chief of the volunteer militia of this Commonwealth, to act as such in calling them out to suppress riot; and in connection with these same questions, he also asked whether a coloured man may not be one of the volunteer militia.

Mr. CHOATE answered that the President of the United States had no power, perhaps not in any case, to prohibit the Governor from doing this or that. It was not the mode in which the general government exerted its jurisdicton on States, or upon Governors of States. But the difficulty was this—suppose the President cannot prohibit, and the government does call on such a company, what are they when called out? The militia, or a part of the militia of the United States? Certainly not, as he viewed the law in reference to it

Mr. SUMNER, of Marshfield, suggested that if the gentleman from Natick would modify his amendment, so as to insert instead of the word "militia," the words "military companies," the objections presented by the Attorney General would be avoided, and our militia would be consistent with federal law.

Mr. WILSON modified his resolution in the manner suggested.

Mr. HALLETT of Wilbraham expressed astonishment at the views put forth by the member from Marshfield. If volunteer "military companies" did not mean "militia," what did they mean? If they were not the militia of the United States, we had been improperly receiving year after year the sums of money payable in arms to the several states for military services.

Mr. WILSON asked the member from Wilbraham what would be the consequence of sending a coloured commander-in-chief, at the head of our state militia, to the service of the United States? It was competent for Massachusetts to elect a coloured Governor, and he would like to know what the United States would do about it if this state should send a coloured chief officer to head her militia.

Mr. HALLETT thought that the Attorney-General had already answered that question. If the gentleman from Natick was not satisfied with the reply of the learned Attorney-General, he (Mr. Hallett) would say that if Massachusetts should send a coloured commander-in-chief at the head of her militia, the United States would not recognize his authority, and would at once supersede him. There was law for this assertion—constitutional law—clear and well defined.

Mr. BARTLETT of Boston thought the question under consideration a practical as well as a legal question. If it was desirable to have a coloured organization distinct from the militia—but yet clothed with power to carry arms, and in all respects assimilating to a military organization—that was a matter of state right. But what was meant by "volunteer military companies?" Did the gentleman from Marshfield mean a new theory hitherto unknown in this Commonwealth? If he meant that, the proposition ought to be distinctly stated to the Convention. Our volunteer system was part of the militia of the United States, and it was not competent to do any act that was manifestly inconsistent with the national law.

Mr. ABBOTT of Lowell, after saying that he had consulted with several gentlemen on the subject, and that they agreed with him to let this part of our fundamental law remain untouched, moved to lay the report upon the table.

And this motion was sustained without a division.

THE CRIME OF RUNNING AWAY.—The greatest sin that a slave can commit, in the eye of his master, is the sin of running away. It is "the sin that hath never forgiveness," but which is always sure to be visited with condign punishment. When the poor victim of oppression sighs for his birthright and longs to throw off the yoke, he is appalled by the reflection, that if he seeks his freedom by running and *fails*, the horrors of his case will be greatly aggravated. No doubt this reflection deters thousands from even trying to escape from the bondage which is so galling to both flesh and spirit.

A writer in the Ohio *Columbian* is giving an account of what he saw with his own eyes, during a temporary sojourn in several of the slave States. He passed five months on the Red River in Mississippi, during which he lived and boarded with slaveholders, talked and conversed every day with them, saw the slaves employed at their daily tasks, &c. He relates the following tales of diabolical cruelty to runaways.

"A negro man was brought to the jail for confinement, by three white men, who had caught the poor fugitive some sixteen miles south of Vicksburgh. He had fled from near Natchez, and was travelling northward when detected by the slaveholders, who conducted him to the jail. They had tied a rope around his neck, and around each foot—about the centre of his back, a slip knot was made, through which the rope from his neck was passed; thus, by pulling the rope, the head and feet were drawn together, which would effectually prevent all locomotion.

It was one of those extreme hot days, which frequently occur in the month of May—the ground was very dry, and the roads exceedingly dusty. The slave-drivers were mounted on horseback, with long whips, such as are generally used by cattle-drivers of the North. The poor fugitive was conducted to the upper room in the jail: he sat down on the floor and seemed entirely prostrated. The jailer helped him off with his shirt, &c., and then we beheld the marks inflicted on his lacerated body. From his neck to his feet, he was covered with wounds, caused by the whips of his drivers. The jailer, though used to sights of cruelty, remarked, that it was brutal to use any negro in that manner. I spoke but little, being a stranger, and knowing that Judge Lynch, a few months before, had assumed authority to chastise a stranger of suspicious character, who was charged with the crime of advocating human rights, in a village north of Vicksburgh; I thought it wise to say little, and think the more. The first thing was to send for a doctor to dress his wounds, for it was evident that, the weather being hot, there was some danger that the negro might die, and thus be a loss to his master. The physician expressed a doubt whether he could be restored. He had never seen a worse case of whipping. The next morning the fugitive had become so stiff, that he could move neither arm or leg. The jailer did, I believe, all he could for his prisoner, and with the assistance of Dr. B., the fellow lived to travel the road of Slavery over again.

Not many miles from the Depot, at Vicksburgh, a coloured man, a slave employed in a factory or foundry, attempted to make his escape from his prison-house of bondage. He secreted himself in a place under the building, and remained there several days before he was detected. There was considerable inquiry after him, as he was a very valuable hand, and worth a large amount of money to his employers. The poor fellow was ordered to be whipped; and whipped he was to all intents and purposes. He lived some four or five days after the punishment, but, strong and robust as his constitution was, he was not able to stand such corporeal inflictions. He died. What then? Was the overseer tried for murder? No. Was he indicted for manslaughter? No. The owner complained of his overseer, that he ought to have more sense than to whip him so excessively in hot weather; and some of the neighbours had the audacity to say, that it was a shame to whip such a valuable boy as he was to death.

One man whom I heard conversing on the matter, appeared to consider the matter in a more philosophical light; he said it was a pity, but it would have one good result, it would prevent other boys from running off and leaving their work. There are three or four individuals now living in Ohio who were knowing to this occurrence, and one within a stone's throw from my residence, who has been from that time a thoroughgoing Abolitionist.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The corporation of this institution—among whom are Rev. Albert Barnes, Rev. T. Brainard, D.D., Dr. Wm. Elder, Prof. Cleveland, Hon. Ellis Lewis, and R. P. Kane, Esq.—are making an earnest effort to raise the sum of $50,000, to place it on a permanent foundation, to erect a suitable edifice, and to procure the necessary apparatus for a thorough and scientific course of medical instruction. For each contribution of $100 the contributor or contributors will be entitled to send one student to the lectures for one year. We hope this laudable object may be speedily effected, for, while it is our firm conviction that *separate* female educational establishments cannot be permanent, we believe that the Pennsylvania College will do a great deal of good by preparing the way for institutions in which no distinction of privileges on account of sex will be known.

COLOURED NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The National Convention of the Free Coloured People of the United States will meet in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on Wednesday next. It is fitting, we think, that such a Convention should meet at the present time, and we await its proceedings with an interest commensurate to our deep and abiding sense of the importance of the objects for which it has been called, and to the sympathy we feel for the class of which it will be composed. If its effects shall be to secure the harmonious action of the People of Colour upon matters vital to their own moral and intellectual improvement, and their united co-operation with their white friends in the work of abolishing Slavery, we shall heartily rejoice in a result so auspicious to the cause of freedom and humanity. Too long have they been divided and subdivided by party and sectarian jealousy. It is time they should stand forth a united people, and, waiving all minor differences, present an unbroken front for the encouragement of their friends and the discomfiture of their enemies.

THEODORE PARKER'S Speech at the N. E. Convention, which we expected to publish this week, has been delayed. Our readers shall have it as soon as we can get the copy.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS is to be the orator of the Fourth at Medina, near Rochester.

——NINETY Thousand copies of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" were sold within the first month after its publication. The demand for it is still unabated.

——A FRIEND and a prominent Abolitionist in Eastern Ohio writes: "We are in fine spirits here, and hope for a grand Autumnal Campaign in connection with the agents of the Parent Society."

——THERE will be a grand rally of the friends of Freedom at Cool Spring, Columbiana Co., Ohio, to-morrow. J. W. Walker, Jacob Heaton, Joseph Barker and C. S. and Josephine Griffing will be the speakers.

——J. W. LOGUEN, an eloquent coloured man, who was *suspected* of aiding in the rescue of Jerry, is lecturing in Maine, in the interest, we suppose, of the Free Democracy.

——A CORRESPONDENT of the *Wesleyan* informs that paper of the fruitless search, recently, of the slave-hunters in Racine, Wis., and the earnest declaration of the citizens, in public meeting, that no fugitive should be taken from that place; with advice to the "hunters" to be scarce or take the consequences.

——THE Free Soilers of Ohio have taken off their coats and gone to work in right good earnest. Giddings, Chase and others are stumping the State, and the papers of the party are spirited and hopeful. A campaign serial, under the name of *Freeman's Manual*, has been started at Columbus, by L. L. Rice. The first number looks well. The re-election of Hon. S. P. Chase to the Senate is the proximate object of these efforts.

——THE Debate between Charles C. Burleigh and Rev. E. E. Orvis, which took place at London Grove, Chester Co., Pa., recently, was attended by a numerous audience. The question discussed involved the character of the American Church in its relations to Slavery, and we learn that the Abolitionists are entirely

of what Jean Jacques used to say, that he never crossed the Pont Neuf without encountering a priest, a soldier, and a white horse. The identical figures in the picture might always be looked for. The coloured damsels mingle freely with the others. They turn the rope or leap it in turn, and either partake of the gaieties or willingly help them forward.

——A RESOLUTION declining to send delegates, hereafter, to slaveholding ecclesiastical bodies was introduced in the Rhode Island Evangelical (Congregational) Consociation, at its recent meeting, by Rev. Mr. Wolcott, of Providence. It made no little stir, and, after a fruitless effort to give the subject the go-by, it was referred to a committee, to report *next year!* What an evasive, dilatory and shuffling set of men ministers are generally found to be whenever they are called upon to say an earnest word or perform an earnest act against Slavery! They can act promptly enough and talk loudly enough about almost everything else, but ask them to manifest hearty sympathy for the slave, and forthwith they can articulate nothing but excuses, and *do* nothing except frame plans for delay! Shame on them!

——THE Boston correspondent of the *Christian Ambassador* states that, during the session of the Massachusetts State Universalist Convention in Newburyport, a resolution was introduced to the effect, that our highest institutions of learning should be opened alike to both sexes. The resolution, we infer, was intended to have influence in the organization of Tufts College, a new institution about to be established in Medford, near Boston. The writer adds: "As the Gospel knows neither male nor female, it was thought that the Colleges had no moral right to recognise any distinction in distributing their favours. The resolution was discussed at great length; and finally a motion to lay on the table prevailed, by a small vote. As the resolution was based in justice, it must, in time, make itself felt. So far as Slavery and Temperance are concerned, the battle has been fought in Massachusetts—that is, in our religious conventions. In due time a victory, on the question just referred to, will be achieved. The college should look to brains, not to sex."

——SOME of the cotton divines are annoyed and alarmed, because large numbers of people whom they have heretofore led by the nose are leaving *their* assemblies, preferring rather to give attendance upon Conventions for moral reform. A correspondent of the Portland *Christian Mirror* says, that "when assemblies for purposes not properly religious, or the meetings of these moral associations, are *preferred* to those of the Church, and are *thronged* by its members, to the neglect of the devotions and ordinances of Christ's house *and people*; then it becomes a sacrifice of feeling, if not of the truth, to keep silence." And therefore he proposes as a means of arresting what he regards as an evil tendency of the times, "to write a few articles upon the *origin, ordinances* and ends of the Church." He had better write about the *duties* of the Church to the poor and the oppressed, with a view to infuse into her withered veins a little of the warm blood of humanity, if he would save her from falling into utter contempt. The people would gladly give attendance upon the services of the Church if she would give them anything better than husks for their pains.

TEMPERANCE.

JOHN B. GOUGH is going to England—his native country—in August, to spend a few weeks in lecturing.

——THE Evangelical Consociation of Rhode Island endorsed the Maine Law at its recent annual meeting.

——THE news from Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky encourages the belief that the cause of legal prohibition is gaining ground.

——THE people of New Bedford, Mass., have determined to enforce the Maine Law in that city, where it has hitherto been defied.

——F. W. KELLOGG, who has been speaking through Canada West, represents that province to be fast ripening for the Maine Law.

——THE candidates of the Free Democracy of Pennsylvania for State offices are avowedly in favour of the Maine Law. Dr. Elder is also out in favour of the law, in the *National Era*.

——THE Temperance State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, says the Lancaster *Whig*, have determined to hold a Mass State Convention in Wagner's Big Tent, in Lancaster, on Tuesday, August 9th.

——THE Prohibitory Liquor bill has been defeated by a small majority in the Connecticut Legislature. A more stringent license law has been passed in its stead. But Connecticut must yield at last.

——THE recent effort made in this city to enforce the law requiring the liquor shops to be closed on Sunday has proved an utter failure, as was predicted by the friends of prohibition.

——THE majority for the Maine Law in Michigan, it is now thought, will reach 25,000. Michigan is one of the most influential of the Western States, and her example will have a powerful effect.

——A LAW of Maine punishes intoxication by an engineer, breakman or conductor on any Railroad in the State, by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

——THE Philadelphia *Register* states, that arrangements are making for a thorough canvassing of the State, after the first of August, by John B. Gough, Neal Dow, of Maine, Gen. Carey, of Ohio, Rev. P. Coombs, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Jackson, the State agent, all of whom are expected to lecture in different parts of the State.

——IN Oswego, the rum traffic is prohibited by the election of temperance officers, who refuse to grant licenses. One of the Auburn rumsellers sent a team there (45 miles) to peddle out rum to the inhabitants. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $150, and to be imprisoned in the county jail for eighteen months.

——JOHN H. W. HAWKINS, in answer to the statement going the rounds, that the leader of the Baltimore Washingtonian movement is keeping a low grog-shop in Baltimore, gives the present standing of the original six, as follows: David Anderson, master black-smith, doing well, and accumulating property; John F. Hoss, master carpenter, doing well; James McCurley, master coachmaker, doing well, also accumulating property; Archibald Campbell, silver-plater, doing an extensive business; William R. Mitchell, on his own farm, seven miles from Baltimore, unfortunately does not keep his pledge; George Stears, died in 1841, a sober man, kept his pledge to the last.

——THE Rhode Island Legislature is tremendously democratic! Not daring to repeal the Maine Law, it conciliated the rum party by appointing to vacant executive and judicial offices such men as could be relied upon to neglect the enforcement of that law. One of the Justices of the Peace in Providence, according to a letter in the *Tribune*, has put the cap-sheaf upon the heap of official corruption by taking into his hands the business of counsel, witness, jury and judge, and passing, in this varied capacity, upon the first case of violation of the new law brought before his Court, in favour of the defendant, even when the proof was most conclusive against him. In the course of the suit, the Judge intimated that if the question of the Constitutionality of the law was before him, he should decide upon that also, and thus finish the case at once—in an inferior Court and by a petty Judge. The writer in the *Tribune* thinks the decision will prove nearly in demoralizing as that of Judge Curtis.

POLITICS.

THE papers report that President Pierce, a few days since, told a distinguished Southern Democrat that he read to John A. Dix his Inaugural Address, and that Dix, with seeming sincerity, approved of every word of it. So much for the Anti-Slavery professions of the Barnburners of 1848!

——IT is confidently declared, by parties likely to be well informed, that the Young Democracy are about to establish a paper in Washington, and that Beverly Tucker is to be the editor thereof. The *Union* is considered too fogyish and not 'fast' enough for the youngsters who aspire to control the Democratic party.

——THE New Hampshire Legislature has decided that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the the subject of procuring the portraits of Daniel Webster and Levi Woodbury, to be placed in the Senate House. Pretty well for such a Hunker body. Massachusetts has refused to build a monument to Webster, and New Hampshire don't want his portrait!

——A SPECIAL dispatch to the *Tribune* says: "At the public reception, on Saturday, as the President was conversing with George G. Glazier, a New York Hunker (Marshal in the Mayor's office), George W. Pomeroy, Appraiser at large, was spoken of as a Buffalo platform man in 1848, and as still on the planks, whereupon the President remarked, with unmistakable emphasis: 'No friend of my administration can stand, at the same time, on the Buffalo and the National Platforms;' and pointing his finger toward the crowd, he added, in a stentorian voice: 'I *will mark* any appointee who attempts to stand on two platforms. *Buffalo and Baltimore are antipodes.*' Hunker spirits are reviving."

What says the *Evening Post?*

——EDMUND BURKE, formerly at the head of the Patent Office, is at logger-heads with the *New Hampshire Patriot*, the latter charging the former with hostility to the President. This charge Mr. Burke denies, and complains at the same time of the intolerance of the *Patriot* and its clique, who, he says, are trying to control the politics of New-Hampshire. He admits that he is not pleased with the appointment to office, by the President, of men belonging to the Free Soil wing of the party; says the party was never in such danger of disruption as at this moment, and that he has raised his warning voice from the most friendly motives. Mr. Burke was a fierce Compromise and Union man, and we judge from his grumbling that the Hunkers are disappointed in not obtaining a monopoly of the Spoils.

——THE Democratic party in Rhode Island is thought by many to be in danger of dissolution. The contest between the conservative and radical wings is fierce and bitter, the latter wishing to place Thomas W. Dorr on the bench of the Supreme Court, and the former not being in favour of the measure. The Temperance question aggravates the difficulty. A new independent daily, called the *Tribune*, has been started in Providence by a Maine Law Democrat, who is not afraid to speak his mind. That paper says that, "by proscribing every man who dared lift his voice against the Liquor Traffic, the party has left itself in a miserably rotten condition. It was never weaker than at this moment. And if its self-elected leaders do not find themselves, in less than one year, in the somewhat embarrassing condition of the boy who won the elephant in a raffle, we will acknowledge that we are not good at guessing."

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent rebuketh the the Editors as accessories to Suicide.—He holdeth on to his incognito.—He illustrateth by a figure of a kettle.—Mr. Mann on the three-fifths basis.—On Insurrections.— On the meaning of terms. — His Morality.—The Correspondent congratulateth the Buckeyes.—Mr. Mann and Time.—His Law — Our unstatesmanlike conduct.—Mr. Mann and Job —Sudden Conversions.—Greased Lightning.— The Doctrine of Repentance.—The Correspondent giveth Mr. Mann and the Free Soilers the best of advice.—He blesseth them and concludeth, &c., &c.*

BOSTON, June 28th, 1853.

I SEE you published Mr. Mann's Letter of June 3d, in your last Number, so I suppose you intend to give your readers his Second one, giving his views of the Constitution in regard to Slavery. Isn't it a funny production? If he hadn't asked you to oblige him with a beam in your garret on which to fasten this rope with which he proposed to hang himself, I should think you fairly *particeps criminis*. And I am not quite sure that you are not accessories, after the fact, to the violence he has done himself. I am not going to answer him. Not at all. For I should be obliged, according to his request, when he (virtually) begged us to let him alone, to renounce that *incognito* in which I have shrouded myself for so many years. I should have to disperse that profound mystery which has brooded over my personal identity, and to stand forth under my own name. This is more than I am willing to do. So I shall not reply to him, but only make such rambling remarks upon his letter as occur to me as I write.

Mr. Mann, I am told, has been a lawyer, practising at Dedham, a shire town, chiefly celebrated for having produced Fisher Ames and for being the residence of your Corresponding Editor, for whom (as such) I feel a degree of regard, in spite of his unprincipled attempts, from time to time, to filch from me the credit of my letters. Well, Mr. Mann having been a lawyer, I wonder whether he was not the one that put in the famous plea in the case where a man was sued for breaking a borrowed kettle, viz: 1, He never borrowed the kettle; 2, It was broken when he took it; 3, It was whole when he returned it. I think he must have been; for I don't believe any other lawyer could have made this plea for the Constitution; viz., 1, The Constitution never was a pro-slavery kettle at all; 2, It was so cracked from the beginning that it was useless as a pro-slavery kettle; and, 3, It has been, or will shortly be, so mended by lapse of time, that best of tinkers, as to become a sound Anti-Slavery kettle, fit for any honest man to cook his dinner in, either at Washington or in Massachusetts.

Mr. Mann's doctrine on the three-fifths Clause is of the same calibre. "It is a rule of disability," saith he, for the disadvantage of the South: Of the *South*, certainly; but is it of the *Slaveholders*? His argument is this: *A* is allowed four votes on condition he steals five of his neighbours and keeps them in chains, and Mr. Mann cannot see that this is any temptation to *A* to keep on stealing, *because*, if the five neighbours hadn't been stolen, they and *A* together, would have had *six* votes! The *South*, of course, is weakened by the three-fifths basis. It is the *Slaveholers*, the dominant minority at the South, that it strengthens. I wonder whether Mr. Mann is going to instruct the ingenuous youth of Ohio, or of Antioch, in Logic.

His views on the obligations imposed by the Constitution to put down Slave Insurrections are equally original and profound. "Nothing is more untenable," says Mr. Mann, "than the doctrine that an oath to support it requires a member of Congress to exercise the power given him for that purpose." "*It is a power given, not a duty enjoined.*" Thus saith Mr. Mann. But what saith the Constitution? "The United States SHALL GUARANTEE to every State a Republican form of Government; shall protect them against invasion; and, ON APPLICATION OF THE LEGISLATURE (OR EXECUTIVE, WHEN THE LEGISLATURE CANNOT BE CONVENED), AGAINST DOMESTIC VIOLENCE!" If that Legislature, or Executive, happen to be Slaveholders, is not their application to be answered? Has Mr. Mann ever read the Constitution? It seems hardly possible to account for the stupendous intrepidity of some of his statements on the hypothesis that he ever *has*. I wonder whether Mr. Mann is to enlighten the rising generation at Antioch in Constitutional Law.

Mr. Mann is good enough to inform us, substantially, that the *words* of the Fugitive Slave Clause do not, legally interpreted, mean Slaves. Mr. Mann was for several years the head of the Schoolmasters of Massachusetts, and is, shortly, I believe, to renew his connection with the honourable business of Education. It is not unnatural, therefore, that he should claim the privilege of his tribe, which excuses Schoolmasters from giving reasons. But he will pardon us pig-headed Garrisonians if we do not yield greater deference to his "*Ipse Dixit*," than he did to that of Daniel Webster, once upon a time. He will permit us, perhaps, to refer him, for all the reasons that can be given, to the very able and ingenious work of Mr. Lysander Spooner, a work of which it is clear that Mr. Mann never can have heard, or he would certainly have acknowledged as obligations many things in his letter which we must now admire simply as *coincidences*.

But he admits that the Clause was meant to cover Slaves, and I suppose will not deny that South Carolina and Georgia came into the Union on that understanding. His sublimated morality, then, in his last letter and this, when condensed from the vapour of fine words that contains it, seems to crystallize itself, substantially, into this shape. Massachusetts has got certain powers and privileges by the consent of Carolina, by agreeing to this Clause; having got them, she may keep the powers and privileges, while she juggles Carolina out of the price by pretending a great concern for a certain *third party* (the negroes), and by urging certain rules of legal interpretation! She is to keep the oyster and give the shell to Carolina! She is to keep the merchandise, but to refuse to pay the consideration, because some ingenious lawyer has ferretted out a flaw in the terms of the Contract! I wonder whether Mr. Mann is going to teach the adolescent Buckeyes Morality, among other things! Welcome your new Mentor, O sons and daughters of Antioch, for, verily, *such* Godliness may be made Great Gain!

But Mr. Mann is of opinion that, though this was the intention of the Clause, still our fathers only meant that it should last a certain short time. A very pretty theory! And an original, it must be admitted. The only trouble about it is, as my old mathematical professor used to say of Perpetual Motion, that "*it won't go!*" All the *evidence* is on the other side. All the debates show that the founders of the Constitution did not regard the Abolition of the Slave Trade as likely to be any material injury to Slavery itself. But the long but obstinate fight over the three-fifths basis Clause proves that there they considered themselves building for generations. Yet that Clause would last no longer than the Rendition Clause. Nor, indeed, so long. For as long as fifty slaves, or one, remained, that Clause would be operative, whereas the other would be obsolete.

I have said that this argument of Mr. Mann's is original. Nobody, I apprehend, will ever claim it as his thunder. It is, indeed, a most robust and heroic proposition. Mr. Mann, bred to the bar, practising at it, and, probably, not insensible to the opinion of the Profession, lays down the principle, that a form of words competent to mean "Slave" up to a certain (or uncertain) time, by the mere operation of time, loses that signification! As if the lapse of time could change the legal effects of a phrase! If the words of that clause ever described a Slave, they always will, as long as one exists. And if they were not competent to describe Slaves always, they do not now. I wonder whether Mr. Mann intends to teach Law at Antioch.

Mr. Mann, towards the conclusion of his letter, regrets that Mr. Garrison and his friends should contend "for the most ultra pro-slavery constructions of the Constitution" and thus give "material aid" to the Slaveholders. For this unfortunate opinion of ours, we have but one excuse to give, and that one I am afraid Mr. Mann will not consider as Statesmanlike, viz., that we think it to be the TRUTH; and, therefore, areimprudent enough to avow it. If I understand Mr. Mann's explanation of his reasons for not regretting this opportunity of stating his opinions (sixth paragraph from the end) he and his party have risen superior to any such impolitic foolishness. He intimates that they were fighting so hard that they had not time to let their enemies know what their opinions were. Mr. Mann has done the thing that Job wished that his adversary had done. He has written a book, and not only written, but published it. Now this book contains sundry statements quite at variance with those of this letter, as understood by mere common minds, and which seem to us to admit constructions of the Constitution quite as ultra and pro-slavery as any we hold. I can only quote a few, and those the briefest; there are plenty more.

"The Constitution proceeds upon this doctrine *when it provides for fugitive slaves*." * * * "An escaped slave could not be recovered *before the adoption of the Constitution*. THE POWER TO SEIZE UPON ESCAPING SLAVES WAS ONE OF THE MOTIVES FOR ADOPTING IT!" pp. 195–6.

"The relation of the Government of the United States to Slavery consists in this only: that when this Government was created, Slavery existed in but a portion of the States; and by certain provisions of the Constitution, *the existence of Slavery was recognised*, AND CERTAIN RIGHTS AND DUTIES IN RELATION TO IT WERE RESPECTIVELY ACKNOWLEDGED AND APROVED. * * * *

The officers of the State Governments, being sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, *the Governments of the Free States are implicated*, INDIRECTLY *in the matter of Slavery, as the Government of the United States is* DIRECTLY *and not otherwise*." p. 416.

Now this is just what we say, and it is just what the Slaveholders say. Did Mr. Mann hold his present opinions as to Slavery and the Constitution, then? If he did, why did he not express them there, where all the world could hear them? If he did not, would he not favour us with his experiences which have resulted in his Conversion? It would be interesting to know the precise moment when the light shone in upon him. Mr. Mann is not incapapable of sudden changes in opinion. He has had one within rather less than three months. In his letter of March 14th, he says:

* * "I swear as a Member of the House of Representatives, not as a United States Marshal, or foul Fugitive Slave Law Commissioner. When Free Soilers are found taking an oath which shall oblige them to return fugitive slaves, then let them be blasted with the swiftest lightning."

On that day he held that some offices did require pro-slavery work and which he would not take, one of which was the Marshalship. But in the interval between then and the 11th of June he has received an illumination, and now he says:

"So far as pro-slavery implications are concerned, I should not have THE SLIGHTEST OBJECTION to take the Commission and the oath of a Marshal to day—" because he wouldn't do what he thought, in March, a U. S. Marshal was bound to do! So nimble is Mr. Mann in changing his ground that, I ween, the very "swiftest lightning" would have to be *greased* before it could overtake *him*.

Now we Garrisonians believe in Repentance. It is our mission to preach it without ceasing. We, therefore, should think nothing the worse of Mr. Mann for having changed his opinion. On the contrary, we should respect him for it. But he must admit that whereas he was once blind he now seeth, or else confess that holding the opinions he does now, he very successfully concealed them when he was in Congress. When Mr. Brownson turned Catholic, he admitted his former errors of Faith, and all who believed him honest, respected him for it. But what would have been thought of him if he had pretended that he had never been anything else?

The only tenable political Anti-Slavery ground is that of Gerrit Smith and Lysander Spooner. Mr. Mann has now taken that ground, as decidedly as he is, probably, capable of taking any ground, and the Commonwealth endorses his letter. Now, gentlemen, let us have no more *shilly-shallying*—no more talking to Buncombe, as if you held the usual opinions of the Constitution, when you don't. Let your Members of Congress talk so, there. Incorporate your principles with your platform, and don't try to make it look as much like the Whig and Democratic ones as you can. Make Gerrit Smith your political leader and Lysander Spooner your chief editor, and men will know where to find you, and you will begin to be felt in the country as you have never begun to be yet. Amen.—D. Y.

ANN ARBOR.—The *Ohio Organ* has the following account of the origin of the name 'Ann Arbor,' in a letter from that flourishing Michigan city:

"Thirty years ago, two travelers, with their wives and children, stopped on the spot where Ann Arbor now stands, and concluded to remain there for the night. The weather was hot and sultry; angry clouds swept along the sky and threatened rain, sudden, severe. Not a house was visible, and in this emergency, the two men were compelled to do something to protect their families from the pelttings of the pitiless storm. Accordingly they erected a frail structure with the limbs of trees; over the top of which they spread a few pieces of white canvass, thus making a handsome little *arbor;* and as their good wives were both called *Ann*, their husbands appropriately named their little retreat *Ann Arbor*. Thirty years have since rolled by, and the city of Ann Arbor now marks the spot where the wearied travellers sought safety and repose."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, June 18, 1853.

MY DEAR GAY: It is near post time; so if I do not make my pen fly, this sheet has no chance of coasting round Cape Clear, sometime to-morrow, wrapped up snugly in one of the fine big leathern surtouts which carry her Majesty's mail in the Cunard liners. I have not much to tell you. Politics are remarkably flat. The last whiff we had was about a speech made by Lord John Russell, about a week or ten days ago, in which he said that, from all his recent experience and means of observation, he was forced to the conclusion that by establishing the Church of Rome in Ireland instead of the Church by law established, no service would accrue to the cause of civil and religious liberty, for the clergy of Rome had not shown themselves friendly to either the one or the other. In high dudgeon at this very simple statement of fact (which one would have thought the Pope or Archbishop Hughes would not contradict), three of our most flaming Irish Catholic members, who had been induced to join the present Ministry, resigned their offices, in letters addressed to Lord Aberdeen, the Prime Minister. Now, Lord Aberdeen knew that this step would lead to great inconvenience, for the seceders, in seceding to him from the Irish Brigade (which was pledged to obstruct all the measures of any government that was not disposed to comply with their demands), had broken up the Confederacy; and if they seceded back again, they would probably set the old mischief on its legs as fresh as ever. He therefore declared that Lord John's views of priests were not held by himself, or by any others of his colleagues; and so the gentlemen, accepting this disavowal as an apology to their wounded feelings, consented to withdraw their resignations. It is funny what morsels poor statesmen are compelled to swallow. In repudiating Lord John's sentiments for himself and his friends, the Premier renounced the deliberate conviction of 999 out of every 1,000 Protestants in the three kingdoms. In my early days, it was the notion of great numbers that the Scarlet Lady had greatly mended her ways and improved by the lesson of experience—that she had out her claws and was much more enlightened and less bloody than in the days of the thumb-screw and the rack. All who have eyes to see and ears to hear, and who behold these "gentlemen in black," with downcast eyes and sinister gaze, helping to throttle the struggling nations and to keep Europe prostrate and bound, know that Lord John Russell spoke the simple truth. But a great many say he should not have been so outspoken—that the truth must not be told at all times—that he was not judicious, and so forth. It may be so, but it is certain that the House of Commons heard him with great acceptance, and whatever is the hearty general feeling with that House is a pretty sure index of the opinion of the British nation; and I look on it as of the first importance that this conviction, so inconvenient and unacceptable to Lord Aberdeen, should be accepted in every country where the press is free and the expression of public opinion untrammelled.

I see by the American papers that the efforts of the Romish clergy to disorganize and control your Common School system have been thoroughly baffled in Ohio. I do not blame them; they are working in their vocation. Granting their premises, it is perfectly right that those who handle the keys of heaven should bind, and loose, and hold and bar, and order everything according to their own sweet will on this visible terrestial ball. But until we concede them the claim they make to our reverence and obedience, we had better look sharp and take very good care to withstand their vaulting ambition.

Do you know that we have got a grand Exhibition here in Dublin—not altogether "a World's Fair," as yours in New York is somewhat ambitiously called, but still a very tidy show for so small and so poor a country as Ireland? It is about one-fourth the extent of the London Exhibition of 1851, and of course very inferior in wealth and splendour. The wealth of the world has not been poured at our feet, neither have we obedient navies at our command to increase our magnificence. England has only a narrow channel between her and France. We have the Irish Sea and England between us and Europe. Still our show is very fine; the building is handsome, spacious and novel; and I, who am so just in my expectations that I am rarely disappointed in the scenes or the faces I have looked to with pleasant anticipations, was greatly charmed with the gallant show of the works of manufacture and of art that has been got together in this captial of a country that, six short years ago, was the wonder of the world for the sufferings of her people. Ireland is looking up. The country is improving and the people are flocking in daily thousands to other countries, sure not only of greater abundance and of a better reward for their labour, but hopeful that they may soon help those they leave behind, and that the evils of a deadly competition for the means of existence will be lessened to the rest of their fellow-labourers on the soil. I should say that this Irish Exhibition is mainly—I might say entirely—due to the energy and patriotism of Mr. Dargan, a successful contractor, who has supplied the means and undertaken all the risk of the enterprise. Whether he will be nearly repaid his outlay in cash (for he seeks for no profit) is more than doubtful; but his conduct is the theme of great admiration and respect, and a sense of the good he will be the means of doing to his country is, I doubt not, the reward he is most ambitious of, as it is that which he is the most certain of obtaining.

Within the last fortnight we have been much alarmed by the sudden illness of our valued friend Mr. Estlin, of Bristol, but you, in common with all the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in the United States, will rejoice to know that he is rapidly recovering, and that, with care, we may hope his valuable health will be completely re-established.

Ever yours truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

SUMMARY.

THE Auburn *Daily Advertiser* says that Derby & Miller sold 10,000 copies of Fanny Fern's book the first week.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD has accepted an invitation to deliver the Anniversary Address before the American Institute, in October next, during the 26th Annual Fair.

GEORGIA.—Judge Johnson is a candidate for Governor. The *Savannah Republican* opposes him on the singular ground of his alleged faith in "Spirit Rappings." He was a very determined Anti-Compromiser.

NEW POST MISTRESS.—A change has been made in the Rock Post Office, in Fulton township. It was heretofore kept by S. W. P. Boyd, Esq., who has been removed by the Post Master General, and Mrs. Ann Parry appointed.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Whig.*

WE read in the Richmond, (Va.) *Morning Mail*, of the 1st., that "*Thomas Jefferson*, said to be a free boy, was committed to prison for want of a register." What has become of that old register, in which he recorded that "all men are born free and equal?"—*Boston Commonwealth*

A PUN BY TWO PUBLISHERS.—Clarke and Beeton deny that they are to be classed with literary pirates. They say that they have paid £750 to the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and that they considered it right so to *B. Stowe* it!

EXPENSES OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The expenses attendant upon ordering out several companies of volunteers, some two years ago, at Chicago, to enforce the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, are yet unpaid. The matter is now undergoing litigation.

HOW WE PAY.—A well known political economist says: "We pay best, first, those who destroy us—generals; second, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; third, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and least of all, those who instruct us—authors, schoolmasters and editors."

MURDER.—H. B. Wilson, of this county, was committed to jail on Sunday last, on the charge of having killed a negro girl, his property, by excessive whipping. We have heard none of the particulars of the case.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Register, June* 15.

A WILL CASE.—A case was recently tried in Montgomery county, in which Judge Smyser ruled that an attempt to sign a will—death occurring to prevent the signing—is sufficient to sustain the will. In this case the decedent had commenced his name by writing the letter P., when he sank back exhausted, and died in ten minutes.—*Philadelphia Register.*

MAJOR LEWIS CASS, JR., United States Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, who recently returned from Europe, has arrived at Detroit, on a visit to his father's family. He will undoubtedly be received warmly by his old friends. We rejoice to be informed that Senator Cass is quite inconsolable over the decease of his estimable wife; but we hope that his health will long be spared to his family and country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire and Vermont Musical Convention, was held at Walpole last week. The session continued four days, closing with a grand concert. The Convention was largely attended—beyond all precedent—and much interest was manifested in the exercises. Over 400 members were present and took part in the exercises.

INDEMNITY FOR RIOTS.—Those Spanish subjects at New Orleans, whose property was destroyed by the Cuban filibuster party, at the time the news was received of the execution of Critiendon and others, leaders of the buccaneers, have been indemnified by the Government. The awards were made to ten or twelve different individuals, in sums varying from 600 to 23,000 dollars; and in the aggregate amounted to 506,53 dollars.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS have taken a new and useful shape. At Millersburg, Ohio, a few days since, the lords of the village having seen fit to neglect the cleansing of the streets, a bevy of damsels armed themselves with shovels, hoes, wheelbarrows and brooms, and commenced clearing away the dirt that had accumulated since the opening of Spring.

THE N. Y. *Express* says that some of Mr. Webster's friends in that city, wishing to testify their respect for Mr. Webster's memory, and their regard for Mrs. Webster, who is a New York lady, have subscribed the sum of *twenty-thousand dollars* as a present. They have tendered their liberal offering in the form of an elegant residence, handsomely furnished, or as an investment, subject to her sole control, and for her sole benefit.

THE INDIANA "BLACK LAWS."—We are informed that the statement that a large number of coloured persons have been compelled to leave Indiana, on account of the severity of the laws, is erroneous. The new constitution prohibits them from settling in the state after its adoption, but it does not, in any manner, interfere with such as settled there previous to its adoption.—*Baltimore Sun.*

GEN. VILLAMIL, Chargé from Ecuador, has effected the sale of Charles Island of the Gallipagos group, to the Mormons, and that Island is hereafter to be the headquarters of this remarkable people. It is entirely independent of Ecuador, and will probably declare for a new Republic.

SLAVE ESCAPED.—A man named George Slasher got on board the Telegraph No. 3, at Rising Sun, on Friday night, with a negro slave, bound to Greensuppburg, Ky. He locked the negro in a state room, and proceeded to enjoy himself. Just after returning from a visit to the saloons, he heard a splash in the water, and soon discovered that his slave was gone. The supposition is that the fellow jumped overboard and swam ashore.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A SALEM HACK DRIVER ON THE APOSTLES.—Father Lamson and Abby Folsom recently visited Salem. When they reached the depot, the hackmen crowded around the cars. As the venerable disciple with his helpmate stepped on to the platform, they were accosted on all sides by "Hack, Sir? hack, Marm? hack, hack, hack." "No, my friends," mildly replied Abby, "we read that the apostles always travelled on foot." "Blast 'em, yes!" ejaculated one of the whips, "and I believe they all travel on this road; I havn't had a fare for a week."—*Boston Journal.*

THE New Orleans papers report that the alleged attempted insurrection among the Louisiana slaves, originated in a statement made by a drunken negro, who, when sober, denied all knowledge of any such movement.

THE "drunken negro" should be handed over to the Castle Garden Cotton Committee. His reformation is clearly necessary to the "peace-of the Union." The "Compromise" contemplated the entire suppression of "agitation" on the part of all men—drunk or sober.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

A GOOD FEE.—The State paid the counsel employed in the trial to establish the freedom of the Parker girls, the nice little sum of five thousand dollars. Of course this comes out of the pockets of the tax-payers of the Commonwealth. Five thousand dollars for counsel fees, and six thousand dollars for a Legislative entertainment for the Maryland gentlemen, (says the Delaware County *Republican,*) is an item to be looked at by those who think "we have nothing to do with Slavery." And yet the kidnappers of these girls can't be had?—*Penn. Tel.*

A BAD PICTURE.—The editor of the *Burlington (Vt.) Courier*, speaking of the want of laws to punish seduction, says he has seen, in that State, the petition of injured women for legal redress in such cases, referred by a seducer, as speaker of the house of assembly, to a libertine as chairman of a committee who would all follow in his wake—and all done with the most unfeeling jests and jibes! This is a bad picture for the staid State of Vermont.

RIVAL REAPERS.—Mr. C. H. McCormick, patentee of the "Virginia Reaper," which received the great Medal at the World's Exhibition in London, and who obtained thereafter a judgment for nearly $20,000 against Seymour & Morgan, Brockport, for infringement on his patent, obtained last week at Cooperstown an injunction against the same firm for more recent infringements. The defendants have appealed against the original judgment to the Supreme Court at Washington, but the appeal has not yet been tried. Meantime, they are estopped by Judge Nelson's injunction from selling or vending until the case is finally disposed of.

A NOBLE MONUMENT.—To honour the memory of the late Duke of Wellington, a magnificent School is to be established, at which children of Army officers are to be admitted free of charge. The Queen heads the subscription with $5,000; Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge (the Queen's uncle) follow with $2,500 each; and there are several subscriptions ranging from $500 to $1,000. The entire subscription already amounts to $400,000, and will probably be increased to $500,000. Isn't this better than a pyramid of useless granite?—*Tribune.*

WASHINGTON ITEMS.—The repairs of the White House have been commenced. The interior of the building is to be painted throughout, the walls to be papered anew, ceilings to be frescoed by Delamanno, of New York. An apparatus for warming the house by steam is to be introduced, and new furniture provided. These and other contemplated improvements will require three months at least, and will doubtless render it necessary for the President and family to remove.

The renovation of the old Capitol will be thorough and complete. Commissioner Easby has to-day engaged Delamanno to refresco the ceiling of the Representatives Hall in water colours. The magnificent gilded iron Library will be finished on the 1st of July.

ROYAL WET NURSE.—Her Majesty has again honoured the Isle of Wight by having appointed a wet nurse for her infant from Cowes.

"This is no wonder," says Roger, says he—
"'Tis just what Nature allows,
For what could more appropriate be,
As he is a young John Bull, you see,
Than give his nursing to Cowes."

GUNPOWDER.—It is reported from Washington, that the leading topic in high quarters is, that England will force Spain to emancipate her slaves, and introduce Coolies. The opinion is expressed that, should this measure be consummated, and the Government fail to make hostile demonstrations, there would be fillibustering in the South and West upon an imposing scale. The "high quarters," mean fillibuster quarters, we presume. The New York *Herald* has "startling rumours" of movements of the Lone Star and Cuba Junta gentry. Of course it has. It does its best to smell gunpowder.

A VENERABLE TURTLE.—In 1804, Ruel Warriner, of Agawam, Mass., then a lad of tender years, found a box turtle in the woods in Agawam, which he caught and after carving his own initials and the year upon the shell let him at large again. Twice since, and at long intervals, and yesterday for the third time has Mr. Warriner fallen in with his early acquaintance. On this last occasion he made a captive of him, brought him to this city, and introduced him to the notice of the distinguished gentlemen who cater to the literary tastes of the twenty thousand readers of the *Republican*, (the Springfield *Republican* says all this,) and afterwards restored him to the woods again. The old fellow bears his years well, and the inscription given him fifty years ago by Warriner, with a fidelity that furnishes a striking contrast to the frailty of human impressions.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Capt. Winthrop Richardson, of Stoneham, Mass., was killed one day last week at that place in a a most shocking manner. He went to the railroad depot to meet his daughter, who was to arrive from Boston in an approaching train. As he came up to the track, the Express train from Concord for Boston hove in sight, and he saw it. He looked at it, as if to measure the distance, and then attempted to run accross the rails. He made several jumps, and succeeded in leaping upon the platform; but in so doing lost his equilibrium, fell backward, and was struck by the locomotive. His body was mangled into pound particles. Not a limb escaped unbroken, and never was mangling more complete. The sight was indescribably awful. The warm blood of the unfortunate man reddened the track, and locomotive and car. In one place was a part of an arm, in another, of the head, in another, of the leg. His heart, horrible to relate, was found thrown upon a break beam of one of the cars; in another place lay a portion of his brain, and in a third, his liver, and still again here and there, other of his internal organs. He had lately retired from business with an ample fortune, and resided within a few rods—directly in sight—of the awful slaughter. The blood, as it lay upon the ground could be seen from his own parlor. The daughter arrived but a moment after her fond father was thus so dreadfully sent into eternity. It is impossible to account for the imprudence of the attempt to cross the track at the time, and Mr. Richarson could not have been ignorant of the fact that it was the express train—which never stops at Stoneham—that was approaching him.

MARRIAGES.

THORBURN—WASSON.—On Sunday, June 12th, by Rev. C. R. M'Lean, Grant Thorburn, Esq., of Astoria, L. I., and Mrs. Maria J. Wasson, of New Hartford, N. Y. [At the mature age of eighty-one, and in the possession of physical and mental faculties, which he affirms "never were better"—after the experience, too, of half a century of married life, he has ventured again upon its responsibilities. Mr. Galt will be gratified to learn that a feature so propitious, adorns the sequel of the life of the hero of "Laurie Todd."]

FOURTH OF JULY!

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Mass Meeting, in honour and for the promotion of the true principles of Liberty and Independence, at ABINGTON, in the well-known Grove near the Centre of the town, on MONDAY, JULY 4th.

Eloquent Speaking, the Songs of Freedom, Social Intercourse, with pic-nic entertainments, together with the natural attractions of the place and its scenery, all combine to invite a large gathering of the friends of freedom on the approaching, as on former anniversaries.

It is expected that WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, CHARLES L. REMOND, Rev. CALEB STETSON, Rev. ANDREW T. FOSS, and several other speakers will attend.

☞ The *Old Colony Railroad* declining this year to afford the accustomed accommodation of reduced fare and special trains, all who go by that road must take, of course, the regular trains. Those leave Boston, at 8 A. M.; and Plymouth, at 6½ and 10 A. M. Returning, leave the Grove for *Boston* at 5½ P. M.; for *Plymouth*, about 6 P. M. Fare—Boston to Abington, and back, $1 16; Plymouth to Abington, and back, $1 10; children under fifteen, half-price.

☞ Cold water in abundance will be furnished in the Grove; and there will be an ample supply of provisions for s

Miscellaneous Department.

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave-moistures foul and odours dank.

But through the dungeon grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremour shoot
Through all its fibres to the root;
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been its home;
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong,
Its stem expanded firm and long,
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam—it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;
It rose toward the dungeon-bars,
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews and sunshine fed,
Over the outer walls it spread;
And in the day-beam waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace;
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

Would'st know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light! and climb;
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE VINDICATED,

Is part of the title of a volume issued by the old critical editor, Samuel Weller Singer, and levelled at the folio of John Payne Collier—the American reprint of which, by the way, is now in course of rapid publication, in numbers, by Redfield, with some improvements on the English edition. These consist of brief marginal notes, pointing out distinctly the former state of the text, explaining antiquated terms from the best authorities, and elucidating ancient manners. Mr. Singers's book is reviewed in the London *Athenæum*, and is there considered to be anything but a successful attack upon the earlier edition.

The summary of the case, as given in that journal, is, that Mr. Singer has lost his temper in pushing his objections; and has substituted his assertions and opinions, his likes and dislikes, very freely for arguments, and occasionally succeeded in refuting himself. The *Athenæum* thus clearly and forcibly states what should be the nature of this discussion, touching what may be called the great commonsense edition of Shakspeare:

"The first and principal question to be considered, in reference to these manuscript notes, is, not whether they are agreeable to the preconceived opinions of gentlemen who think themselves Shakspearean scholars and critics, or whether they accord with what they may dogmatically pronounce to be true Shakspeare phraseology, but whether they recommend themselves to the judgment of right reason and common sense. The text of Shakspeare is avowedly corrupt. Do these notes clear away difficulties which the Shakspearean commentators have not had wit enough to perceive, or, when they have perceived them, have never been able to get rid of? And do they effect this end by emendations so clear that no unprejudiced person can hesitate to accept them? If they do these things, they ought to be adopted, whatever be their previous history. Now, in the judgment of many men who deserve to be heard on such a question, these Notes not only offer such emendation as we have described, but come to us under circumstances which afford a reasonable probability that, in them, we get nearer than we have ever been before to the text actually written by Shakspeare. The character of the handwriting, and the further important evidence furnished by the book as a whole, are said to lead directly up towards this conclusion."

The *Athenæum* continues:

"And, after all, what is the kind of reasoning which Mr. Singer brings to shake the evidence in favour of this book? Does he sift its previous history? Does he dwell upon any weak points of the narrative? Does he combat by evidence any of the facts on which the supporters of the authenticity of these notes rely? Not at all; except by a gratuitous assumption that Mr. Rodd would have kept the book for the British Museum if he had thought it of any value. Mr. Singer makes ample use of his own simple assertion of distrust, which, with all proper respect for his acknowledged merits, we take, in a case of this kind, to be worth just nothing at all. He sets up the theory which we have before quoted; he warns his readers that there have been Shakspeare forgeries in past times, which everybody will admit; and he informs us that he himself possesses annotated copies of a third folio of Shakspeare's Plays, and also of a second folio, both of which, he says, are worthless. If we take Mr. Singer's word for the last fact—which, on the evidence of the book before us, we are not quite sure that we ought to do—how does it follow that the same character of worthlessness must attach to Mr. Collier's volume! If Mr. Singer's annotated books are to be adduced at all in this discussion, they ought to be produced and subjected to the same inquiry as Mr. Collier's have been. Mr. Singer pronounces against his own books, and yet uses them: he does not think it desirable to pay any attention to them, and yet he draws many important inferences from them: *ex. gr.* 'Mr. Collier's first impression that (the ink being of two shades) two distinct hands have been employed on these corrections, *is undoubtedly correct* [why?]: *now in the case of both the second and third folios with manuscript collections which I possess, this is evidently the case.*' Such argument, we fancy, will not go far.

"One of the best adverse passages, in Mr. Singer's preface, is the following: he is speaking of the cases in which the suggestions of Mr. Collier's annotators concur with alterations introduced into the text of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, and other commentators:

"'These Mr. Collier would treat as *coincident anticipations* [?]; but, as they form the greater bulk of the corrections [?], they are far too numerous to have been fortuitous; and there can be no doubt [?] that they have been engrafted in his book by some later hand than that of the earlier theatrical possessor, to whom the stage directions and striking out of passages, with some few of the alterations of the text, can alone be fairly attributed. [All this is, of course, mere gratuitous assertion. It is Mr. Singer's theory.] A few fortuitous coincidences we might admit; but it is not within the doctrine of probabilities [?] that two writers, at distant periods, without any communication or knowledge of each other, should, in hundreds of instances [?] coincide so exactly as we find the major part [?] of the corrections in Mr. Collier's volume do with the later emendations slowly elaborated by a succession of commentators, and many of them far from obvious. Where the error, as in some cases, is what Mr. Collier calls "self-evident," coincidence would be possible; but where, as in many instances, the corrections take the form of acute and happy conjecture, such extraordinary sympathy would be something miraculous.'

"Whatever argument there is in this passage is against Mr. Singer's own view. If such a result as he describes would be miraculous, and is, therefore, not to be supposed, then we are driven necessarily to the conclusion that the earlier annotator must have had access to some better text than that which the later editors possessed; and that in that way, and not by miracle, he was able to arrive at once at results which, without such help, it took successive generations of subsequent critics to accomplish.

"In this light and partial way, Mr. Singer deals with the questions of probability raised by the evidence furnished by Mr. Collier's annotated volume. He drops down upon it here and there, picking out something which he supposes to tell in his favour, and arguing upon that; but totally overlooking the important conclusions which are forced on every one by the consideration of the book as a whole.

"Nor does he deal more completely with the alterations on which he comments. His book does not embrace all the alterations. Many which are really most important are not included in his selection. Readings which Mr. Singer objects to are paraded forth with due form and emphasis, but most valuable rectifications remain unnoticed altogether."

So much for Singer. Now for the alterations themselves. Here are a few in addition to those we have already presented in the *Literary World*; and they can be got by hundreds, by looking at a few of the ample pages of the American edition. Mr. Singer's attacks only establish the value and *good sense* of the emendations. We are still indebted to the *Athenæum* for a few of them:

"The celebrated passage in 'Measure for Measure':

How would you be,
If he which is the *top* of judgment should
But judge you as you are?

is altered by the annotator thus:

How would you be,
If he which is the *God* of judgment should
But judge you as you are?

"Mr. Singer says, 'The substitution of *God* of judgment for *top of* judgment is *quite* unwarranted and uncalled for.' There are other alterations in the same scene, among them the following:

Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our *evils* there?

The word *evils* has occasioned the effusion of much learned comment. The annotator alters it to *effals*, which we hope will stop any further waste of good ink on this account.

"An alteration in the next scene is passed over by Mr. Singer. The pretended Friar, commenting on that kind of penitential sorrow which is 'towards ourselves, not Heaven,' adds:

Showing we would not *spare* Heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Spare has been a mark for the commentators. The annotator altered it to *serve*. Mr. Singer should have told us what he thought of this alteration.

"'Love's Labour's Lost' furnishes many alterations. Take one example from Act v. sc. 2:

I understand you not, my griefs are *double*.

The annotator altered the last word to *dull*. Mr. Singer's judgment is as follows:

"'*Specious, but incorrect*; the error lies in the small word *are*, which is a misprint for *see*. Read—

I understand you not: my griefs see double.

The Princess's griefs were too recent to have *dulled* her wits, but her tears might make her see double. She uses the expression metaphorically, as an evasive answer.'

"If Mr. Singer had not determined the matter in his peremptory way, we might just have hinted a doubt as to these drunken tears. But never mind; we will pass on.

"'In the 'Second Part of Henry the Fourth' is a passage in which Lord Bardolph draws a parallel between the building of a house and the carrying on of a war. 'The speaker,' says Mr. Collier, 'is supposing that a man purposes at first to construct a dwelling, which he afterwards finds beyond his means.' The passage, as commonly printed, stands thus:

What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or at *least* desist
To build at all? Much more in this great work
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up) should we survey
The plot *of* situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite: or else,
We fortify *in* paper, and in figures, &c.

The annotator inserts a line, and alters the passage as follows:

What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or at *last* desist
To build at all? Much more in this great work
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up) should we survey
The plot, *the* situation, and the model,
Consult upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify *on* paper, and in figures, &c.

Mr. Collier notices that Steevens 'speculated upon' the first of these alterations, and pronounced the altered passage 'an important improvement,' although the question, he adds, still returns upon us, '*from whence was it derived?*' Mr. Singer says:

"'I unhesitatingly answer this question—certainly *from the perverse misapprehension of the passage by the corrector*, whoever he may have been, and from his conceit that he could "improve the language and thoughts of the poet." *His interpolation mars entirely the integrity of the poet's simile*, by introducing a new element, and interrupting its course; making what was before perfectly simple and consecutive involved. The reading *last* for *least* may have been adopted from Steevens. The only other correction which the passage requires, if, indeed, that be necessary, is to read "*this* opposite," instead of "his." "Much more in this great work," says Lord Bardolph, "should we examine our plan, our situation, and the frame of it. Agree upon a secure foundation of it. Question lookers-on, know our position; how far we are able to undertake such a work, and preponderate against this adversary."'"

—*Literary World.*

WYANDOTTE CAVE.

This cave is in Crawford County, about 11 miles from Corydon, Indiana, and is situated on the west bank of the Blue River, on the land of an old farmer, Mr. Rothrock. The mouth of the cave is located very strangely on the top of a high knob, and the approach to it is anything but romantic, as the ascent is steep, rugged and rocky.

The entrance is insignificant, being closed by a door, which the owner always judiciously keeps locked, to prevent spoliation. We first entered what is called the old cave, a very spacious and at first straight avenue, which gradually descends for two or three hundred yards, and then divides into two principal branches. One of these is a continuation of the "old cave," and contains nothing very remarkable until you arrive at the end, about three miles from the entrance. Here the principal object of curiosity is a massive pillar, which reaches from the floor to the ceiling, and supports apparently an immense circular dome above. The pillar is fluted very beautifully and regularly in a vertical direction, and appears very much like a work of art. It has been named the Pillar of the Constitution, while the dome above is called the Circle of the Union. Retracing our steps, we entered the other principal branch by a second door, which the proprietor also kept locked. This, the new and by far the most extensive and magnificent portion, has been only known since 1850. It contains many different avenues, leading in every possible direction, which in many places meet one another, and form a perfect labyrinth of passages. We traversed those only which our guide assured us were most interesting, and the first apartment of note that we arrived at was the Crown Chamber.

From the roof of this part, near the side, depends a most perfectly formed crown, made by long delicate stalactites joined at the base, and forming almost a complete circle. Upon this magnificent crown is a very comfortable seat of rock, and very near by a cascade of crystal water issues from the roof and side. There were also in this chamber, pendent from the roof, some very queerly formed stalactites, which resembled very much in colour and shape tobacco plants hung up to dry. We refreshed ourselves from the cascade, and took another avenue which presented in its passage many more difficulties than any we had yet encountered. In several places we suffered much inconvenience from the necessity of stopping; and for several hundred feet we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees, receiving severe rubs on our heads and backs whenever we attempted to be more lofty than the humble nature of the passage would allow. When the guide assured us that ladies had been through this passage, which he called *purgatory*, we struggled on perseveringly, and were richly rewarded when we arrived at the termination of the avenue. Here it expands into a beautiful apartment, in which stood three magnificent pillars, adorned with fantastic formations, which were exquisitely perfect.

From between the scales of rock which formed the roof, issued many vermiculated stalactites, which conglomerated at their bases, ramified off in every conceivable, fanciful way. With the acquiescence of the owner, we named this curiously beautiful apartment *Pillared Palace*. In this charming spot we remained as long as our time would permit; and then, returning through the purgatorial passage, we proceeded through another very extensive avenue, now over a rugged pile of rocks, and again across a sandy plain, until we reached what is very appropriately termed the *Hill of Difficulty*. This, together with *Monument Mountain* just beyond, is an immense pile of fallen rocks, far more difficult of ascent than the far-famed "rocky mountains" of the Mammoth Cave.

But the grand sight awaited us above. On the very summit stands a huge monument like stalagmite, seven feet or more in height, beautifully rounded on top. Near this, but lower down, are two other stalagmites, smaller but more beautiful: one of them is almost perfectly white, and, in the dark gloom which surrounds it, looks like a massive pillar covered with snowy drapery; the other is white only on one side, but is far more spotless than the first. We called the first the *Drapery Pillar*, and the other, from its resemblance in colour to the cream-like whiteness of that French dish, the *blanche mange* pillar.

Around and above this mountain is a very grand ellipsoidal dome, the centre of which we could scarcely discern by the feeble light of our candles. Elevating our candles by means of a long pole, we were able to see it more perfectly, and the long, beautiful, white, fringe-like stalactites which depended from around the edges of this grand concave.

There were also some penny-form lactites translucent, delicate and snowy white. From the centre of this dome to the level of the cave is an estimated distance of one hundred and seventy feet.

Such a combination of grandeur, gloom and magnificence cannot but make one, who views it, feel the entire inadequacy of verbal description.

The awful and almost overpowering silence of this subterraneous domain adds to the gloomy grandeur and sombre magnificence of this spot.

Until very recently it was supposed that the cave extended no farther in this direction, but a short time since the owner discovered, on the further side of the mountain, a small hole, through which water was trickling from above, and, having enlarged this by the aid of a crowbar sufficiently to admit of a passage, he found it was the entrance to many very extensive and beautiful branches beyond. The entrance is still very narrow, and one can only squeeze himself through with great difficulty, by crawling downward feet foremost. It is very appropriately called the Auger-Hole.

After some very rugged and rocky walking, we found, in one avenue, two rocky slabs, so smooth and glassy as to appear like two large cakes of ice; and, in the same avenue we saw some very curious stalactite formations, which nature must have formed when she was in a most fanciful and freakish mood, so grotesque were they in appearance. Here also we found some foot tracks, the only vestiges of man, excepting some perfectly preserved poles on the other side of the auger-hole. The tracks were very distinct, and were evidently the footprints of a very large native, as they were made by bare feet, and were at least four feet apart. The marks of two steps in one spot were remarkably distinct, and proved beyond a question the former presence of an Indian in that part of the cavern. How he got there is a question not so easily solved, as this part has been very thoroughly explored, and no other entrance discovered excepting through the auger-hole, which was certainly, when first found, too small to admit even a boy. It is supposed by some that this hole must have been formerly much larger, and has since become filled up with rocky concretion by the continual dropping from above, which made it as small as it was when found.

We leave it to the curious to judge whether this was so or not; I imagined that the Indian did not like the looks of the place very much from the long strides he took—perhaps his torch was nearly out. In another avenue leading from this we found some very beautiful gypsum formations, resembling much the rosettes and snow balls found in Cleveland's Cabinet in the Mammoth Cave. The mutilating hand and smoking torch had not marred the perfect beauty of these chastely white, translucent, floral petrifactions; and the encrusted walls, and various festooned forms of singular beauty, rendered this the most enchanting spot in the cave.

We found on the floor here some long needle-like fibrous gypsum which resembled very much asbestus. One portion of this beautiful avenue, where nature has been most lavish in her enchanting work, is called Queen Mab's Retreat; and a most fitting place it is for the Queen and her diminutive deities to retire to, when tired of frolicking in the moonlight, above, and troubling with dreams in their gallops the slumbers of us poor mortals. These gypsum formations are truly "fairly-like creations of nature's architecture."

This spot is about three miles and a half from the main entrance; and as it was then getting late, we took no other of the numerous avenues which offered themselves, but retraced our steps to the auger-hole, through which we screwed ourselves, and, proceeding onward by several different avenues, reached the exit in safety. We had been in subterranean darkness for six hours, and the sight of the sunny coloured world above was really a relief. In its general features, this cave is similar to the Mammoth Cave, and is undoubtedly, like it, the result of the dissolving power of water. The Mammoth is more remarkable for its great extent and large rivers; but this cave, we think, excels even the Mammoth in the variety and beauty of stalactites.

The rocks are principally carbonates and sulphate of lime, but there are also in many places very large veins of smokey gray and black flint. In the "old cave," fibrous crusts of pure Epsom salt adhere to the roof, and the ground below is strongly impregnated with it. Nitre is also found in abundance. With the exception of a few white crawfish, bats are now the only animals within this dark abode, and beyond the second door we saw many hundreds of them, hanging in clusters from the wall, with their heads down, in a state of apparent torpidity. The temperature is somewhat lower than in the Mammoth cave, the thermometer generally standing at 55 degrees.

The "old cave" has been known for many years, and was worked at least thirty years ago for Epsom salt; but the new portion has all been discovered after the present owner bought the land of Congress a few years ago. The cave derived its present name from the former name of Blue river, which was called by the Indians the Wyandotte river.

The roads from New Albany to Corydon are comparatively decent, but from Corydon to the cave they are most execrable.

The difficulties of "mud and mire, rut and rock, cliff and hollow," together with the delightful uncertainty whether or not you have rightfully followed the very obscure directions you have received, render travelling by this route decidedly disagreeable.

The easier way would be, to take a steamboat to Levenworth, on the Ohio, which is within four miles of the cave. Mr. Rothrock, the owner, is a very respectable and sensible farmer, and entertains visitors very comfortably. He expressed an intention of building a hotel and improving the roads, which we hope he will soon carry out.

One word, before we close, with reference to the additional attractions of this neighbourhood, which, with the cave, render a visit there most pleasant. Within four miles of the cave is situated the largest spring in the world, whose head is a circle over one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and whose depth is yet to be fathomed.

In this spring very fine fish are caught in abundance, and should one meet with Mr. Geo. Wilson, a very intelligent and hospitable farmer, who lives near, and who is a celebrated fisherman, he may be assured of having very fine sport. Blue River also is a very celebrated "fishing ground," and we do not know a more beautiful stream in the West.

The hunting, too, at the proper season, in this wild neighbourhood is very good. So many attractions and wonders so near home should, we think, be an inducement to many to make an excursion to the Wyandotte cave.—*Louisville Courier.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

For the last ten or fifteen years, no name has been more distinguished in the graver walks of literature than Thomas Carlyle. His merits and his blemishes (or what, by some, are reckoned his blemishes) have equally served to rivet attention upon him. His thought and his utterance are alike unusual, and calculated to produce at once a decided impression either for or against. Accordingly he has been the object, on the one hand, of warm, and often enthusiastic, admiration, and, on the other, of bitter censure, as well as of profuse ridicule.

Such a reception assures us that Carlyle is no indifferent, common-place person, but entitled to an examination, whether it be to approve or condemn. To do complete justice to such a theme is impossible for me, with the time, space and materials at my command, even supposing the ability were mine. But something I hope to say, which, without discrediting the theme, may have some interest for my hearers.

Thomas Carlyle was born, some two or three years before the opening of the present century, at Ecclefechan, Annandale, in the south of Scotland. His father was a farmer, and an elder of the Presbyterian Kirk; and is said to have been remarkable for strong native sense. His venerable mother is still living (or was so recently)—her days having been lengthened out to behold and enjoy the eminence of her son.

This region of old Caledonia is noted for reliques of the Romans, still in tolerable preservation, though dating back to the days of the caliest Cæsars, and yet more notable (in the view of every Scotchman) as the birthplace of Robert Burns.

Carlyle was destined by his parents to the Presbyterian ministry, and with this intent sent to Edinburgh College. Here, or elsewhere, he must have been an industrious student, for his writings perpetually overflow with various learning. The profession marked out for him, however, seems to have been far from squaring with his own inclinations. So far, indeed, that he uniformly manifests a not very exalted estimate of the priesthood, as a class, or of their office, as a present source of illumination.

After leaving college, he occupied himself, for some time, with the task of instruction—at one period, keeping an academy at Dysart, eleven miles north of Edinburgh, and, at another, having charge of several private pupils. It was during this time he married a lady named Jane Welsh, to whom report ascribes a strong mind, well educated, and much accomplished—fitted to appreciate and yield intelligent sympathy to a man like her husband.

Ralph Waldo Emerson visited Carlyle in 1833, and found him living with his wife on a farm called "Craigenputtock," in Nithsdale, Southern Scotland, and occupied with penning literary and critical articles for *Frazer's Magazine*, and several of the British reviews.

In the beginning of 1834, he went to London, "literally to seek bread and work," in his own phraseology. He lived in that part of the city which goes by the name of the former village, Chelsea, and next door to Leigh Hunt: and there he has continued, I believe, to live ever since, with the interruption of a few months. This interruption was occasioned by his removing, in the spring of 1841, back to Annan, in Scotland, where he had bought a house with the intention of residing. Feeling, however, dissatisfied, he returned, in the following autumn, to his Chelsea residence. Copiously and well as he has written about Germany and France, he has never visited either, or in fact ever set foot out of Great Britain.

Ever since the publication of his "History of the French Revolution," he has been growing daily into influence and estimation with the best minds in England. His books have a steady sale, and his circumstances are become easy and independent. Previously he had been very poor. His pinching, humiliating embarrassments, and his manifold sufferings from this source, qualified him to speak intelligently of Johnson and Scott, of Burns and Mirabeau, and to picture, with a life-like vividness, unreached perhaps by any other, the strange condition amid which many of the master-pieces of literature have been produced. Celestial light issuing from the bosom of infernal glooms—pictures of warm, rich, completely-furnished bliss, wrought up in the shivering, famine-pinched, miserable garret—divine melody, that, for others, gladden, and ennoble, and glorify existence, wrung out from hearts crushed and all desolate, like the exhilarating wine from the pressed grape—such portraitures of lettered history Carlyle painted with hues furnished by personal experience, and the paintings is inimitable.

So lately as 1833, he told a friend that not one person in Great Britain, except those who before were personal friends, had expressed to him any interest in his writings, or had been drawn to him by means of them. It is said, moreover, that he had fairly written himself out of the great British reviews; and thus had reached a crisis of embarrassment and distress, when the publication of his "French Revolution" brought about a change in his fortunes. This history cost him two laborious years. They were years well employed, however; for their product not only at once made him known and honoured, but led straightway to ease and comfort in pecuniary conditions.

One fact connected with this work exhibits strikingly the character of the man. One volume of the manuscript, the fruit of a whole year's hard labour, was lent, for some purpose, to a friend, and while in his hands was, by inexcusable carelessness, totally destroyed. Carlyle, without stopping to lament the calamity, sat calmly down, and performed the task all over anew!

No possible circumstance could show more vividly that Carlyle is a person of pre-eminent resolution, firmess and perseverance. Just fancy him retravelling that long, toilsome, painful road, utterly robbed of the excitement of novelty that cheered on the original journey! Behold him plodding along, day after day, and night following night, grim Penury overhanging and lowering all about him, and the myriad petty annoyances it brings with it, planting successively each its own venomous sting—doubts and fears, confirmed too well by past gloomy experience, touching the final success of an undertaking exacting so much toil and solicitude—and the carking thought as to what, in case of failure, only too probable, was to become of himself, and of one loved still more than himself—imagine him toiling on for lingering, endless-seeming months, and out of such a black, tumultuous chaos bringing to light a product of such power and vividness, such sunny clearness and picturesque beauty—and then say if the race of the strong ones be yet extinct! if there be not giants in the earth in these days as well as in the "olden time!"—if the world have not, once again, "assurance of a man!"

Personally, Carlyle is pronounced, by one knowing him intimately, "a great-hearted, brave and gentle being, in whom you may confidently reckon on finding invariably honour, kindness and truth." His conversation abounds in the same traits with his writings, being "strong, humorous and picturesque, even to the panoramic." He speaks with the broad Scotch accent, as he writes, with not a few Scotch peculiarities of expression.

He is, in person, tall, slender and well-shaped, with dark complexion, bright eyes, and a great, projecting brow, and would naturally attract notice in any company, by the intellectual power expressed in his head.

He told a friend that, "in his early youth 'Tristram Shandy' was his special favourite among books, and that 'Rousseau's Confessions' first taught him that he himself was not a fool."

Miss Martineau, a near friend of Carlyle, describes him as a great and constant sufferer from a morbid constitution, "stretched always," in her phrase, "on an invisible rack." This fact, she adds, accounts for the caustic severity that not infrequently tinges his conversation. There seems, it should be stated, some discrepancy in the representations touching the character of his conversations—some pronouncing him exceedingly querulous in his intercourse with others, and Emerson, on the contrary, declaring that he saw no indication of such a vein. However, Emerson is himself a man of quite as rare a quality as Carlyle—carrying with him an atmosphere of chastened serenity and quiet cheerfulness, within which acrimony and harsh feeling are apt to die a natural death. In his society, Carlyle might find himself, *per force*, in a different frame from his wonted tone of feeling.

Carlyle's humble parlour is described as a neutral ground, where men of the most opposite professions and pursuits, as well as opinions in religion, philosophy, politics and letters, meet for amicable interchange, and to listen to the rich, suggestive, stirring talk of their accomplished host. Perhaps in this private way he acts upon the thought and sentiment of England quite as powerfully as through his printed books.

Carlyle's first appearance betore the public as an author was in the form of translator from the German. He published an English version of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," as also specimens of other German novelists and romancers. His acquaintance with this language and its literature is very remarkable, and his criticism of the same exceedingly acute and able. His reverent admiration of Goethe, the patriarch of German letters, verges on the idolatrous, and zealously and long did he labour to make the British public acquainted with his favourite. For several years he maintained an epistolary correspondence with Goethe, interrupted only by the latter's death. Carlyle must have been gratified extremely by the illustrious German's testimony in his behalf, as recorded by Eckerman.

"The temper," says Goethe, "in which Carlyle works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is, and how he has studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than ourselves!"

When it is remembered that the Germans are far before other nations in liberal, truly philosophic criticism, in depth and variety of learning, and, most especially, in the knowledge and just appreciation of foreign literature—and, when to this it is added that Goethe himself is one of the greatest minds of any age or clime, and not less eminent for universality of culture, both literary and scientific, we shall perceive that the compliment thus paid to our author is of no ordinary quality. He might have found it, we should suppose, even an over-payment for the vituperation and ridicule, on the one hand, and the wintry neglect on the other, with which, at the outset, his endeavours were met for acquainting his arrogantly, self-complacent countrymen with the products of Teutonic genius!

In fact it was only through much effort, and in the face of opposition, misapprehension and sarcasm, that our author succeeded in arousing the British literary public to a study of German letters. But he did ultimately succeed; and this study has even become quite popular, both on that and on this side of the water. And not only so, but recent original literature in the English tongue exhibits, in all its departments, evident tokens of being moulded and coloured by the Teutonic element.

And this element, beyond question, has, on the whole, wrought beneficially to our Anglo-Saxon letters. You remember the saying of Napoleon's day, "To the French belongs the empire of the land, to the English of the sea, and to the Germans of the air." It is a saying that suggests a truth far deeper than the users meant by it. This truth is, that the French and English both, of our time, deal too exclusively with palpable, material facts—that is, with the outward, the earthly—while the Germans carry the spiritualising tendency to the extreme of being often visionary, shadowy, unsubstantial. As a medium is here, as always, the true desideratum, an infusion of German spiritualism into our intellectual activity, must be, with due limitations, a decided benefit.

One of Carlyle's earliest original works was a biography of Schiller, with a critical examination of each of his works—one of the very finest specimens, in our language, of this class of writings. The author and the man are called up living before you. Schiller's organization and circumstances are so laid bare to your scrutiny, with their alternating action and reaction, that you can see each of his successive works grow out of his soul, as then conditioned, from the cloudy, stormy "Robbers," to the serene, sunshiny "Wilhelm Tell," and understand why each work was what it was, and no other, and why it was produced at the time it was, and no time else. The book, in short, is a finished specimen, not only of biography, but of that splendid reproductive criticism, which seems, in its nature, rather Teutonic than Anglo-Saxon.

Nor is the style less noble than the matter. Unmarked by those eccentricities which, in after works, provoked so much animadversion, it abounds in the same picturesque phraseology, the same affluence of apt illustrations, the same tintings, in short of imagination,

"That beautiful and beauty-making power,"

which characterize, in so lavish a degree, the latter.

Carlyle's other writings, consisting partly of articles which appeared originally in the several British reviews and magazines, and partly of pamphlets and larger works, which appeared separately, amount at present to some eight or nine stout duodecimo volumes. And these volumes may be pronounced among the very richest, the most enkindling and suggestive, and, in all ways, the most valuable, while, at the same time, the strangest compositions in the language. They constitute, virtually, one grand criticism of this our age, in magic-lantern, colossal picturing, showing it up in its opulence and its penury, its weaknesses and its strengths, its right and beneficent movements, and its evil, perilous and harmless tendencies.—(*London*) *Bizarre.*

THE RING.

"I sate upon a mountain,
From home-land far away,
Below me hills and valleys,
Meadows and corn-fields lay.

"The ring from off my finger
In reverie I drew,
The pledge of fond affection
She gave at our adieu.

"I held it like a spy-glass
Before my dreaming eye,
And, through the hooplet peeping,
The world began to spy.

"Ah, bright, green, sunny mountains,
And fields of waving gold!
In sooth, a lovely picture
For such fair frame to hold!

"Here many a neat, white cottage
Smiles on the wooden steep,
There scythe and sickle glisten
Along the valley's sweep!

"And farther onward stretches
The plain the stream glides through,
And (boundary guards of granite),
Beyond, the mountains blue.

"Cities with domes of marble,
And thickets, fresh and green,
And clouds that, like my longings,
Towards the dim distance lean;

"Green earth and bright blue heaven,
The dwellers and their land—
All this in one fair picture,
My golden hoop-frame spanned.

"Oh, fairest of fair pictures,
To see, by Love's ring spanned,
The green earth and blue heaven,
The people and their land!"

—[*From the German of Grun, in Brooks's German Lyrics.*]

ANECDOTES OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

As I sit in my garret here (in Washington), watching the course of great men, and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of "Sweet Home!" I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating, that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to all the humiliation of office-seeking. Of an evening we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlours as we passed. Once in a while, we would see some family circle, so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would both stop, and then pass silently on. On such occasions, he would give me a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he, once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head. The world has, literally, sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office; and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land—to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad. "Have you got your consulate?" said I.

"Yes; and I leave in a week for Tunis. I shall never return."

We clip the above from the Ohio *Statesman*. We do not know who is the author; but we knew Payne well, and at the time alluded to boarded in the same house with him—the Irving Hotel, Washington. He is correctly described. We well remember the melancholy air with which he bade us farewell, when he left for Tunis. This was the last we ever saw of the author of "Sweet Home."

A Georgian, who was in our mess, used to relate the following incident in the life of Payne: At one time, he became an enthusiast for the civilization of the Indians. He set out on a mission to the Creeks and Cherokees, in Georgia and Alabama. It was about the time of the difficulty between the government and the Creeks in relation to their removal. The excitement ran high, and the State authorities had police agents with their men, stationed along the line. All communication between the whites and Indians was cut off. At this unfortunate period, Payne was found among the Creeks, attempting to give them lessons on civilization and the cultivation of the arts. Although innocent of any improper design, and moved and instigated by pure and philanthropic motives, he was, nevertheless, arrested on suspicion. Lem Jackson, a sort of half-horse half-alligator, was captain of the guard. Having no other mode of confining the poet-prisoner, they built a log-pen, and covered it with heavy logs, something like a wolf-pen of the early pioneers. He protested his innocence, and begged to be released, that he might return to his "sweet home." But his appeal moved not the stony heart of Lem Jackson and his semi-civilized companions. They determined to hold him until they found evidence. Night came on. The watch-fires blazed brightly. The guard amused themselves, first by playing cards and then by singing. At last, Lem, who was the leader of the sports, struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Payne could bear it no longer. This was an affliction too great for his sensitive spirit. He looked out through crevices of his rude prison. In agony of spirit, he cried, "Oh, gentlemen, save my feelings! Impose on me any bodily torture your ingenuity can invent; but save! oh, save my feelings! I am the author of that song. Don't mock me by singing it now." "You wrote that song!" exclaimed Lem. "Now, boys," turning to his companions, "we've got him—we've ketched him in a lie, and will now puniah him for both crimes!" A court-martial was called. Payne declared he was the author of "Sweet Home," but his testimony was disregarded; and he was duly convicted and sentenced to receive twenty lashes the next day. As fortune would have it, a superior in command reached the camp before the verdict was executed, rescinded the order, and discharged the author, with the advice never to meddle with the Indians again, and never attempt to get out of a scrape by lying!—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

A Surviving New Zealand Chief's Reminiscences of Capt. Cook's Visit.—The Surveyor General furnishes *The New Zealander* with the following account of Capt. Cook's visit to New Zealand, as given by an old Maori (or native) Chief named Tanewa, who represents himself to have been about 12 years old at the time. Tanewa is a Chief of considerable importance. It was while on a visit to the Coromandel Harbour that he made the following statement:

"We thought Captain Cook's vessel was a large kind of whale, and the men on board were gods. When we saw them pulling with their backs to the bows of the boats we thought they must have had eyes in the back of their heads. When the natives saw the salt pork which was used on board the vessel, they thought it was the flesh of whales, it was so very fat. For some time I was afraid to venture on board, but I did so after some of the men returned in safety. Some other boys went with me. Captain Cook spoke very little—less than any of the others. He seemed to take most notice of the children. He placed his hands on our heads and patted us. By making signs he got our men to draw a large chart on the deck with charcoal, of as much of the coast as they were acquainted with, which he copied on paper. He appeared most anxious to learn everything respecting the shape of the land. As regards the North Cape (Cape Maria Van Diemen), the men took much trouble, by signs, to explain that at this place their spirits after death, took a plunge to the realms below. Crptain Cook seemed much puzzled by the mode of explanation usedon this occasion. He gave us the first potatoes we had seen—a double handful. These we planted, and in three years called a great feast to commemorate their introduction, at which, for the first time, they were allowed to be used for food.

"The Nga Pui's (the tribe living at the Bay of Islands and Hokianga) have asserted that they were the source of the potatoe, but this I am happy to say, is not the case, we were the true root in this matter. The speeches of our chiefs are still handed down to us—the speeches made upon the occasion of that great feast.

"After Captain Cook went away we saw another party of Europeans, who got spars of Kahikatea (*Podocarpus excelsus*) from the river Thames, and after that, a larger vessel than either the other two, came to the Thames. On taking her departure she fell in with a fishing canoe which had been driven out to sea. The wind was so strong that, after taking the two young chiefs on board which it contained, she could not again make the land.

"The two young men were taken to France, and in about two years were brought back in another vessel, which at the same time introduced pigs."

"UNCLE TOMITUDES."

"A SWELL'S HOMAGE TO MRS. STOWE.

"A must wead 'Uncle Tom'—a wawk
Which A'm afwaid's extwemely slow:
People one meets begin to talk
Of Mrs. Harwiethobastowe.

"'Tis not as if A saw ha name
To walls and windas still confined;
All that is meawly vulga fame;
A don't respect the public mind.

"But Staffa'd House has made haw quite
Another kind a pawson look:
A countess would pasist, last night,
In asking me about haw book.

"She wished to know if I admiawd
Eva, which quite confounded me;
And then haw ladyship inquwawd
Whethaw A didn't hate Legwee?

"Bai Jove! A was compelled to flaw'd;
A wish'd myself, or haw, at Fwance;
And that's the way a fella's baw'd
By ev'wry gal he asks to dance.

"A felt myself a gweata fool
Than A had eva felt befaw;
A'll study at some wagged school
The tale of that old Blackamwaw!"

—*Galignani's Messenger, (Paris).*

And this from one of the London journals:

"It is stated that the Pope has prohibited the circulation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in the Roman States.—*Daily Papers.*

"Fie Pio Nono—weakest wight
Of crowned heads in Christendam—
To vent your solitary spite
And shake